







Lydia H. Sigourney.

ILLUSTRATED POEMS

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WITH

DESIGNS BY FELIX O. C. DARLEY,

ENGRAVED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.



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IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF
PENNSYLVANIA.

To Samuel Rogers,

THE MOST VENERABLE POET OF EUROPE,

AND THE FRIEND OF AMERICA,

WHOSE STRAINS, READ IN THE SOLITUDE OF EARLY YEARS,

AND WHOSE KIND WORDS TO THE STRANGER IN HIS OWN HOME,

ARE ALIKE HELD AMONG THE

"Pleasures of Memory,"

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Exchange
West. Res. Hist. Soc.

P R E F A C E.

THE edition now presented to the public comprises selections from previous volumes, poems that have appeared only in a fugitive form, and others that have never before been indebted to the ministry of the press.

It is hoped that its tripartite character may not be displeasing to the reader, since the genius of the artist and the taste of the publisher have lent their powerful aid to render it attractive. In the alcove of the library, on the centre-table of the matron, to the ear of the young and beautiful, it shall breathe only pure thoughts, like the dew-drops lingering upon the rose. May it be found worthy to touch some chord of that spirit-intercourse, to be perfected in a clime where the rose never fades, and the music-strain is immortal.

REPORT

of the

Commissioners of the

Board of Education

for the year ending

June 30, 1891

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Oriska	17
The Return of Napoleon from St. Helena	29
Unspoken Language	34
No Concealment	40
Abraham at Machpelah	43
The Needle, Pen, and Sword	46
The Thrush	51
The Ancient Family Clock	54
Fruitful Autumn	59
The Old Elms	62
To-Morrow	66
Eve	72
Connecticut River	76
Bell of the Wreck	81
Winter and Age	84
Birds of Passage	86
Parting of the Widow's Son	90
Aaron on Mount Hor	92
Advertisement of a Lost Day	97
The Early Blue-Bird	99
The Ark and Dove	101
The Lobelia Cardinalis	104
Farewell to the Flowers	108
Storm-Sails	110

	Page
The Scottish Weaver	112
Niagara	134
The Coral Insect	137
The Sunday-School	139
The Indian Summer	141
The Hermit of the Falls	143
The Butterfly	150
Solitude	151
The Second Birth-day	153
The Dead Horseman	155
To a Shred of Linen	159
Farewell to a Rural Residence	163
Barzillai the Gileadite	167
Gossip with a Bouquet	170
Erin's Daughter	175
The Holy Dead	177
Dew-Drops	179
Pocahontas	181
The Little Footstep	210
Scotland's Famine	213
The Passing Bell	216
The Western Emigrant	220
The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Girl at a Festival	224
No God	230
The Mourning Daughter	232
Indian Names	237
Farewell of the Soul to the Body	239
Winter's Fete	242
Anna Boleyn	246
Recollections of an Aged Pastor	249
Falls of the Yantic	252
Widow at her Daughter's Bridal	255
Marriage of the Deaf and Dumb	257

	Page
The Friends of Man	259
To a Goose	264
On the Admission of Michigan into the Union	268
Stratford upon Avon	271
Midnight Thoughts at Sea	275
The Tomb	277
"Show us the Father"	279
Napoleon at St. Helena	281
Columbia's Ships	286
Alpine Flowers	289
The Trial of the Dead	291
Bread in the Wilderness	298
On Transplanting a Daisy from Runimede	301
The Gift of Apollo	303
Benevolence	305
Bernardine du Born	307
Morn and Even	310
The Emigrant Mother	313
Healing at Sunset	319
Death of an Infant	321
Filial Piety of David	323
The Ivy	327
The Aged Bishop	330
The Rainbow	334
The Thriving Family	336
Flowers in Childhood and Age	339
The Divided Burden	341
The Infant's Prayer	344
The Victim of the Deep	346
Harold and Tosti	349
Dreams	355
The Clock at Versailles	358
Heaven's Lesson	361

	Page
The Prince of Edom	363
The Widowed Mother.	366
The Wish of the Weary Woman	367
The First Missionary	370
A Father to his Motherless Children	373
"Sorrow as on the Sea".	375
Mutations	379
Our Country	382
Removal of an Ancient Mansion	386
The Lost Lily	391
Twilight	399
The Unrifled Cabinet	401
Talk with Time at the Close of the Year	403
Man's Three Guests	405

LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS,

DESIGNED BY DARLEY.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHORESS.

(To face Title.)

ENGRAVED BY CHENEY AND ARMSTRONG FROM A MINIATURE
BY FREEMAN.

A LANDSCAPE.

(Title-Page.)

ENGRAVED BY W. H. DOUGAL.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

“Soft tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour wax'd old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near.”

The Ancient Family Clock, p. 55.

THE SCOTTISH WEAVER.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

"Yet joyous was the hour when they,
With shout and gambol fleet,
Went bounding from the cottage door
The approaching sire to greet."

The Scottish Weaver, p. 122.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

ENGRAVED BY HUMPHRYS AND WILLMORE.

"No. When the groves
In fleeting colours wrote their own decay,
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpen'd blast
That sang their dirge."

The Indian Summer, p. 141.

ERIN'S DAUGHTER.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

"Poor Erin's daughter cross'd the main
In youth's unfolding prime,
A lot of servitude to bear
In this our western clime."

Erin's Daughter, p. 175.

THE AGED PASTOR.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

"Often have we hush'd
The shrillest echo of our holiday,
Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,
And eager to record one favouring smile,
Or word paternal."

Recollections of an Aged Pastor, p. 249.

THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

ENGRAVED BY R. HINSHELWOOD.

"A while he paused
And set his burden down, just where the path
Grew more precipitous, and wiped his brow
With his worn sleeve."

The Divided Burden, p. 341.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

"I saw a gentle maid with beauty bless'd,
In youth resplendent, and by love caress'd
Her clustering hair in sunny ringlets glow'd,
Her red lips moved, and thrilling music flow'd."

Mutations, p. 380.



P O E M S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
CHARLES THE FIRST

BY
JAMES CLAYTON
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
ESQ;
IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
Printed by J. St. John, at the
Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard,
near St. Dunstons Church; and by
J. Smith, in Pall-mall.
1685.

THE SECOND VOLUME.
LONDON:
Printed by J. St. John, at the
Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard,
near St. Dunstons Church; and by
J. Smith, in Pall-mall.
1685.

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POEMS.

ORISKANY.

FAR in the west, where still the red man held
His rights unrifled, dwelt an aged chief,
With his young daughter. Joyous as a bird,
She found her pastime mid the forest shades,
Or with a graceful vigour urged her skiff
O'er the bright waters. The bold warriors mark'd
Her opening charms, but deem'd her still a child,
Or fear'd from their grave kingly chief to ask
The darling of his age.

A stranger came
To traffic with the people, and amass
Those costly furs which in his native clime
Transmute so well to gold. The blood of France
Was in his veins, and on his lips the wile
That wins the guileless heart. Ofttimes at eve
He sought the chieftain's dwelling, and allured

The gentle girl to listen to his tale,
Well framed and eloquent. With practised glance
He saw the love-flush on her olive cheek
Make answer to him, though the half-hid brow
Droop'd mid its wealth of tresses.

“Ah! I know
That thou dost love to please me. Thou hast put
Thy splendid coronet of feathers on.
How its rich crimson dazzles mid thy locks,
Black as the raven's wing! Thy bracelets, too!
Who told thee thou wert beautiful? Hast seen
Thy queenly features in yon mirror'd lake?
Bird of the Sioux! let my nest be thine,
And I will sing thee melodies that make
Midnight like morn.”

With many a spell he charm'd
Her trusting innocence; the dance, the song,
The legend, and the lay of other lands;
And patient taught his pupil's lip to wind
The maze of words with which his native tongue
Refines the thought. The hoary chieftain frown'd;
But when the smooth Canadian press'd his suit
To be adopted by the tribe, and dwell
Among them, as a brother and a son,—
And when the indulgent sire observant read
The timid pleading of Oriska's eye,—

He gave her tenderly, with sacred rites,
In marriage to the stranger.

Their sweet bower
 Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
 O'er-canopied with trees, where countless birds
 Carol'd unwearied, the gay squirrel leap'd,
 And the wild-bee went singing to his work,
 Sate with luxury. Through matted grass,
 With silver foot, a frolic fountain stole,
 Still track'd by deepening greenness, while afar
 The mighty prairie met the bending skies,—
 A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers.

Nor lack'd their lowly dwelling such device
Of comfort, or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, sedulous to please,
Creates for him she loves. For she had hung
Attentive on his lips, while he described
The household policy of prouder climes;
And with such varied and inventive skill
Caught the suggestions of his taste refined,
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On curtain'd window and on flower-crown'd vase,
Carpet and cushion'd chair, and board arranged
With care unwonted, call'd her home the court
Of their French princess.

A rich clustering vine
Crept o'er their porch, and 'neath its fragrant shade
Oriska sang her evening melodies,
Tuneful and clear and deep, the echoed truth
Of her soul's happiness. Her highest care
And dearest pleasure was to make his lot
Delightful to her lord; and he, well pleased
With the simplicity of fervent love,
And the high honour paid a chieftain's son,
Roam'd with the hunters at his will, or brought
Birdlings of brilliant plume, as trophies home
To his young bride.

Months fled, and with them change
Stole o'er his love. And when Oriska mark'd
The shadow darkening on his brow, she fear'd
The rudeness of her nation, or perchance
Her ignorance had err'd, and strove to do
His will more perfectly. And though his moods
Of harshness or disdain chill'd every joy,
She blamed him not, for unto her he seem'd
A higher being of a nobler race;
And she was proud and happy, might she bathe
His temples in some fit of transient pain,
Or by a menial's toil advance the feast
Which still she shared not. When his step was heard,
She bade her beating heart be still, and smooth'd

The shining tresses he was wont to praise,
And fondly hasting, raised her babe to meet
His father's eye, contented if the smile
That once was hers might beam upon his child:—
But that last solace fail'd, and the cold glance
Contemptuously repress'd her toil of love.
And then he came no more.

But as she watch'd
Night after night, and question'd every hour,
How bitterly those weeks and years were notch'd
Upon the broken tablet of the soul,
By that forsaken wife.

Calm moonlight touch'd
A fair Canadian landscape. Roof and spire,
And broad umbrageous tree, were saturate
With liquid lustre. O'er a lordly dome,
Whose halls had late with bridal pomp been gay,
The silvery curtains of the summer night
Were folded quietly.

A music-sound
Broke forth abruptly from its threshold stone,
Shrill and unearthly—not the serenade,
That thrills on beauty's ear, but a bold strain,
Loud even to dissonance, and oft prolonged
In low, deep cadence, wonderfully sad,—
The wild song of the Sioux. He who first

Awaking, caught that mournful melody,
Shudder'd with icy terror, as he threw
His mantle o'er him, and rush'd madly forth
Into the midnight air.

“Hence! Leave my door!
I know thee not, dark woman! Hence away!”

“Ah! let me hear that voice! How sweet its tones
Fall on my ear, although the words are stern.
Say! know'st thou not this boy? Whose eyes are these?
Those chestnut clusters round the lifted brow,—
Said'st thou not in his cradle they were thine?”

“How cam'st thou here, Oriska?”

“We have trod
A weary way. My father and his men
Came on the business of their tribe, and I,
Unto whose soul the midnight and the morn
Have been alike for years, roam'd restlessly
A wanderer in their train, leading our boy.
My highest hope was but to hear, perchance,
That thou didst live; and lo! a blessed guide
Hath shown me to thy home.”

“Oriska, go!
I have a bride. Thou canst not enter here—
I'll come to thee to-morrow.”

“*Wilt* thou come ?

The white-hair'd chief, I fear me, fades away
Unto the Spirit-land !”

“I bid thee hence,
To thine abode. Have I not said to thee
I'll come to-morrow ?”

With a heavy heart,
Through silent streets, the sad-brow'd woman went,
Leading her child.

Morn came, and day declined,
Yet still he came not. By her sire she watch'd,
O'er whose dull eye a filmy shadow stole,
While to her troubled question no reply
Rose from his palsied lip. Nature and age
Slept wearily and long. The second eve
Darken'd the skies, when lo ! a well-known step—
He stood before her.

“Was it kind of thee,
Oriska, thus to break my bridal hour
With thy strange, savage music ?”

“Was thy wife
Angry at the poor Indian ? Not to speak
Harsh words I came : I would not think of thee
A thought of blame. But oh ! mine aged sire,
Thou see'st him dying in this stranger-land,
Far from his fathers' graves. Be thou a friend

When he is gone and I am desolate.
Make me a household servant to thy wife.
I'll bring her water from the purest spring,
And plant the corn, and ply the flying oar,
And never be impatient or require
Payment from her, nor kind regard from thee.
I will not call thee husband,—though thou taught'st
My stammering lip that word when love was young,—
Nor ask one pitying look or favouring tone,
Or aught, except to serve and pray for thee
To the Great Spirit. And this boy shall do
Her will, and thine."

The pale face turn'd away
With well-dissembled anger, though remorse
Gnaw'd at his callous bosom!

"Urge me not!

It cannot be!"

Even more he might have said,
Basely and bitterly, but lo! the chief
Cast off the ice of death, and on his bed,
With clenched hand and quivering lip, uprose:—

"*His* curse be on thee! He, who knoweth where
The lightnings hide!"

Around the old man's neck
Fond arms were wildly thrown. "Oh, curse him not!

The father of my boy." And blinding tears
Fell down so fast, she mark'd not with what haste
The white-brow'd recreant fled.

"I tell thee, child,
The cold black gall-drop in a traitor's soul
Doth make a curse. And though I curse him not,
The sun shall hate him, and the waters turn
To poison in his veins.

But light grows dim.
Go back to thine own people. Look no more
On him whom I have cursed, and lay my bones
Where my dead fathers sleep."

A hollow groan,
Wrung by extremest agony, broke forth
From the old chieftain's breast.

"Daughter, I go
To the Great Spirit."

O'er that breathless clay
Bow'd down the desolate woman. No complaint,
No sigh of grief burst forth. The tear went back
To its deep fountain. Lip and fringed lid
Trembled no more than in the statued bronze,
Nor shrank one truant nerve, as o'er her pass'd
The asphyxia of the heart.

Day after day,
O'er wild and tangled forest, moved a train,

c

Bearing with smitten hearts their fallen chief;
And next the bier a silent woman trod,
A child's young hand forever clasp'd in hers,
And on her lip no sound. Long was the way,
Ere the low roof-trees of their tribe they saw
Sprinkling the green; and loud the funeral wail
Rose for the honour'd dead, who, in his youth,
Their battles led, and in his wintry years
Had won that deeper reverence, which so well
The forest-sons might teach our wiser race
To pay to hoary age. Beneath the mounds,
Where slept his ancient sires, they laid him down;
And there the gather'd nation mourn'd their sire,
In the wild passion of untutor'd grief;
Then smoothed the pillow'd turf, and went their way.

Who is yon woman, in her dark canoe,
Who strangely towards Niagara's fearful gulf
Floats on unmoved?

Firm and erect she stands,
Clad in such bridal costume as befits
The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge
Of her embroider'd mantle, fleck'd with gold,
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,

As though the spirit of that dread abyss,
In terrible sublimity, had quell'd
All thought of earthly things.

Fast by her side
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lip,
Blanching with terror, steals the frequent cry
Of "Mother! Mother!"

But she answereth not.
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,
The death-song of her people. High it rose
Above the tumult of the tide that bore
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,
And held his breath for awe.

Her song grew faint,—
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasp'd him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
Down toward the unfathom'd gulf, while chilling spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.

And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.—

One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One gleam of flitting robe and raven tress
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph!

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

FROM ST. HELENA.

Ho ! City of the gay !

Paris ! what festal rite

Doth call thy thronging million forth,

All eager for the sight ?

Thy soldiers line the streets

In fix'd and stern array,

With buckled helm and bayonet,

As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side,

Heads in dense masses rise,

And tower and battlement and tree

Are studded thick with eyes.

Comes there some conqueror home

In triumph from the fight,

With spoil and captives in his train,

The trophies of his might ?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows !
A martial host are nigh,
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry.
No clarion marks their way,
No victor trump is blown ;
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone ?

Behold ! in glittering show,
A gorgeous car of state !
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight ;
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparison'd along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car ?
The incense flameth high,—
Comes there some demi-god of old ?
No answer !—No reply !
Who rideth on yon car ?—
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And with uncover'd head
Receives him in the name of France:
Receiveth whom?—*The dead!*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear;
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb,
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain!
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crush'd at Waterloo:—
The banish'd who return'd,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold,
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold,
While round those columns proud
The blazon'd banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won,
With the heart's-blood of the brave;

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarr'd and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge
Or purple Leipsic told.
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin kept
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife
Where their country's legions fled?
Of Borodino's blood?
Of Beresina's wail?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turn'd old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped?
Where countless mounds of snow
Mark'd the poor conscripts' grave,
And, pierced by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gather'd darkness mock,
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock;
And from the altar near,
A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one, and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what thy God's to thee?

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is slow. The mastery of wants
Doth teach it to the infant, drop by drop,
As brooklets gather.

Years of studious toil
Unfold its classic labyrinths to the boy;
Perchance its idioms and its sequences
May wear the shadow of the lifted rod,
And every rule of syntax leave its tear
For Memory's tablet.

He who would acquire
The speech of many lands, must make the lamp
His friend at midnight, while his fellows sleep,
Bartering to dusty lexicons and tomes
The hour-glass of his life.

Yet, there's a lore,
Simple and sure, that asks no discipline
Of weary years,—the language of the soul,
Told through the eye.

The mother speaks it well

To the unfolding spirit of her babe,
The lover to the lady of his heart,
At the soft twilight hour, the parting soul
Unto the angels hovering o'er its couch,
With Heaven's high welcome.

Oft the stammering lip

Marreth the perfect thought, and the dull ear
Doth err in its more tortuous embassy;
But the heart's lightning hath no obstacle;
Quick glances, like the thrilling wires, transfuse
The telegraphic thought.

The wily tongue,

To achieve its purpose, may disguise itself,
Oft, 'neath a glozing mask; and written speech
Invoke the pomp of numbers to enrich
Its dialect; but this ambassador
From soul to sense may wear the plainest suit,—
Ebon or hazel, azure-tint or gray,
It matters not: the signet-ring of truth
Doth give him credence.—

Once, old Ocean raged;

And a vex'd ship, by maddening waves impell'd,
Rush'd on the breakers. Mid the wild turmoil
Of rock and wave, the trumpet-clang, and tramp
Of hurrying seamen, and the fearful shock
With which the all-astonish'd mind resigns

The hope of life, a mother with her babe
Sate in the cabin. He was all to her,
The sole companion of her watery way,
And nestling towards her bosom, raised his face
Upward to hers.

Her raven hair fell down
In masses o'er her shoulders, while her eyes
Fix'd with such deep intensity, that his
Absorb'd their rays of thought, and seem'd to draw
The soul mature, with all its burdening cares,
Its wondrous knowledge, and mysterious strength,
Into his baby-bosom.

Word nor sound
Pass'd 'tween that mother and her youngling child,—
Too young to syllable the simplest name,—
And yet, methought, they interchanged a vow
Calmly beneath the unfathomable deep
Together to go down, and that her arm
Should closely clasp him mid its coral caves.
The peril pass'd; but the deep eloquence
Of that communion might not be forgot.

A youth and maiden, on the banks of Tweed,
Roved, mid the vernal flowers. At distance rose
The towers of Abbotsford, among the trees,

Which he, the great magician, who at will
Could summon "spirits from the vasty deep,"
Had loved to plant.

Methought of him they spake,
Disporting in the fields of old romance
With Ivanhoe, or the proud knight who fell
At Flodden-field. Then, as the sun drew low,
They sate them down, where the fresh heather grew,
Listing, perchance, the descant of the birds,
Or ripple of the stream. The hazel eye
Of the young dweller 'neath the Eildon-Hills
Perused the fair one's brow, till o'er it stole
A deeper colouring than the rose-leaf tinge.
—Speech there was none, nor gesture, yet the depth
Of some unutter'd dialect did seem
Well understood by them. And so they rose,
And went their way.

There was a crowded kirk,
But not for Sabbath worship. With the train
Was more of mirth than might, perchance, beseem
Such sacred place. Wreaths too there were, and knots
Of marriage-favour, and a group that prest
Before the altar. And the trembling lip
Of that young white-robed bride, murmuring the vow
To love till death should part, interpreted

That strong and voiceless language of the eye
Upon the banks of Tweed.—

I had a friend
Beloved in halcyon days, whom stern disease
Smote ere her prime.

In curtain'd room she dwelt,
A lingerer, while each waning moon convey'd
Some treasured leaflet of our hope away.
The power that with the tissued lungs doth dwell,
Sweetly to wake the modulating lip,
Was broken,—but the violet-tinctured eye
Acquired new pathos.

When the life-tide crept
Cold through its channels, o'er her couch I bent.
There was no sound. But in the upraised glance
Her loving heart held converse, as with forms
Not of this outer world. Unearthly smiles
Gave earnest beauty to the pallid brow;
While ever and anon the emaciate hand
Spread its white fingers, as it fain would clasp
Some object hovering near.

The last faint tone
Was a fond sister's name, one o'er whose grave
The turf of years had gather'd. Was she there,—
That disembodied dear one? Did she give

The kiss of welcome to the occupant
Of her own infant cradle?

So 'twould seem.

But that fix'd eye no further answer deign'd,
Its earthly mission o'er. Henceforth it spake
The spirit-lore of immortality.

NO CONCEALMENT.

"There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known."

ST. MATTHEW.

THINK'ST thou to be conceal'd, thou little stream !
That through the lowly vale dost wind thy way,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray ?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green
Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks that haste
At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day ;
And then thy smiling answer to the moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon.
How couldst thou hope, in such a world as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss ?

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little seed !

That in the bosom of the earth art cast,

And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,

Unmoved by trampling storm, or thunder blast ?

Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring shall come

And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,

Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,

And stir the languid pulses of thy heart.

The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews

Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art aware,

Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,

The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air ;

And soon, to all, thy ripen'd fruitage tells

The evil or the good that in thy nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little thought !

That in the curtain'd chamber of the soul

Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do

A hidden work ? Look to the hues that roll

O'er the changed brow, the moving lip behold,

Linking thee unto sound, the feet that run

Upon thine errands, and the deeds that stamp

Thy likeness plain before the noonday sun.

Look to the pen that writes thy history down

In those tremendous books that ne'er unclothe

Until the Day of Doom; and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,
Oh erring human heart, what thoughts thou lodgest there.

ABRAHAM AT MACHPELAH.

DENSELY wrapp'd in shades,
Olive and terebinth, its vaulted door
Fleck'd with the untrain'd vine and matted grass,
Behold Machpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not
A voice of weeping? Lo, yon aged man
Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after wave
Of memory rises, till his lonely heart
Sees all its treasures floating on the flood,
Like rootless weeds.

The earliest dawn of love
Is present with him, and a form of grace
Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall:
And then the morn of marriage, gorgeous robes,
And dulcet music, and the rites that bless
The Eastern bride. Full many a glowing scene,
Made happy by her tenderness, returns
To mock his solitude.

Again their home

Gleams through the oaks of Mamre. There he sat,
Rendering due rites of hospitality
To guests who bore the folded wing of heaven
Beneath their vestments. And her smile was there
Among the angels.

When her clustering curls
Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what glad surprise,
What holy triumph of exulting faith,
He saw, fresh blooming in her wither'd arms,
A fair young babe, the heir of all his wealth.
Forever blending with that speechless joy
Which thrill'd his soul when first a father's name
Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid brow
O'er which he weeps.

Yet had he seen it wear
Another semblance, tinged with hues of thought,
Perchance, unlovely, in that trial-hour
When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful eye
He answer'd nought, but on her shoulder bound
The cruse of water and the loaf, and sent
Her and her son, unfriended wanderers forth
Into the wilderness.

Say, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,

Troubling the tear? If there were no kind deed
Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
Expected, yet unspoken; no sharp tone,
That jarr'd discordant on the quivering nerve,
For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb
To cry, "Forgive!" oh! let him kneel and praise
God amid all his grief.

We may not say

If aught of penitence was in the pang
That wrung his labouring breast, while o'er the dust
Of Sarah, at Machpelah's waiting tomb,
The proud and princely Abraham bow'd him down,
A mourning stranger, mid the sons of Heth.

THE NEEDLE, PEN, AND SWORD.

WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,

Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?—

“I have been in Paradise, stainless and fair,

And fitted the apron of fig-leaves there,

To the form of its fallen queen.

“The mantles and wimples, the hoods and veils,

That the belles of Judah wore,

When their haughty mien and their glance of fire

Enkindled the eloquent prophet's ire,

I help'd to fashion of yore.

“The beaded belt of the Indian maid

I have deck'd with as true a zeal

As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old,

Or the monarch's mantle of purple and gold,

Or the satrap's broider'd heel.

“I have lent to Beauty new power to reign,

At bridal and courtly hall,

Or wedded to Fashion, have help'd to bind
Those gossamer links, that the strongest mind
Have sometimes held in thrall.

“I have drawn a blood-drop, round and red,
From the finger small and white
Of the startled child, as she strove with care
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,
But wept at my puncture bright.

“I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,
As my utmost speed she plied,
To shield from winter her children dear,
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,
While they slumber'd at her side.

“I have heard in the hut of the pining poor
The shivering inmate's sigh,
When faded the warmth of her last, faint brand,
As slow from her cold and clammy hand
She let me drop,—*to die!*”

What dost thou know, thou gray goose-quill?—
And methought, with a spasm of pride,
It sprang from the inkstand, and flutter'd in vain,

Its nib to free from the ebon stain,
As it fervently replied :

“*What do I know!*—Let the lover tell
When into his secret scroll
He poureth the breath of a magic lyre,
And traceth those mystical lines of fire
That move the maiden’s soul.

“*What do I know!*—The wife can say,
As the leaden seasons move,
And over the ocean’s wildest sway,
A blessed missive doth wend its way,
Inspired by a husband’s love.

“Do ye doubt my power? Of the statesman ask,
Who buffets ambition’s blast,—
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care,
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,
And lock’d his fetters fast ;

“And a flourish of mine can his prison ope,
From the gallows its victim save,
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,
And to liberty lead the slave.

“Say, what were History, so wise and old,
And Science that reads the sky ?
Or how could Music its sweetness store,
Or Fancy and Fiction their treasures pour,
Or what were Poesy’s heaven-taught lore,
Should the pen its aid deny ?

“Oh, doubt if ye will, that the rose is fair,
That the planets pursue their way,
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,
Or the countless streams that to ocean run,
But ask no more what the Pen hath done.”
And it scornfully turn’d away.

What are thy deeds, thou fearful thing
By the lordly warrior’s side ?
And the Sword answer’d, stern and slow,
“The hearth-stone lone and the orphan know,
And the pale and widow’d bride.

“The shriek and the shroud of the battle-cloud,
And the field that doth reek below,
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,
And the vulture that tears ere the life hath fled,

And the prowling robber that strips the dead,
And the foul hyena know.

“The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,
And the grass that doth rankly grow
O’er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,
Gaunt Famine that quenches life’s lingering spark,
And the black-wing’d Pestilence know.

“Death with the rush of his harpy-brood,
Sad Earth in her pang and throe,
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,
And the throng of the souls sent, before their time,
To the bar of the judgment—know.”

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath return’d,
While the Needle sped on in peace,
But the Pen traced out from a Book sublime
The promise and pledge of that better time
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

THE THRUSH.

"I'LL pay my rent in music," said a thrush
Who took his lodging 'neath my eaves in spring,
Where the thick foliage droop'd. And well he kept
His simple contract. Not for quarter-day
He coldly waited, nor a draft required
To stir his memory, nor my patience tried
With changeful currencies, but every morn
Brought me good notes at par, and broke my sleep
With his sweet-ringing coin.

Sometimes, a song,
All wildly trilling through his dulcet pipes,
Falling, and caught again, and still prolong'd,
Betray'd in what green nook the warbler sat,
Each feather quivering with excess of joy,
While from his opening beak and brightening eye
There seem'd to breathe a cadence, "This is meant
For your especial benefit." The lay
With overruling shrillness more than once
Did summon me to lay my book aside

And wait its close ; nor was that pause a loss,
But seem'd to tune and shape the inward ear
To wisdom's key-tone.

Then I had a share
In softer songs, that cheer'd his brooding mate,
Who, in the patience of good hope, did keep
Her lengthen'd vigil ; and the voice of love
That flow'd so fondly from his trusting soul
Made glad mine own.

Then, too, there was a strain
From blended throats, that to their callow young ,
Breathed tenderness untold ; and the weak chirp
Of new-born choristers, so deftly train'd,
Each in the sweet way that he ought to go,
Mix'd with that breath of household charities
Which makes the spirit strong.

And so I felt
My rent was fully paid, and thought myself
Quite fortunate, in these our times, to find
Such honest tenant.

But when autumn bade
The northern birds to spread their parting wing,
And that small house was vacant, and o'er hedge
And russet grove and forest hoar with years
The hush of silence settled, I grew sad
To miss my kind musicians, and was fain

To patronize with a more fervent zeal
Such fireside music as makes winter short,
And storms unheard.

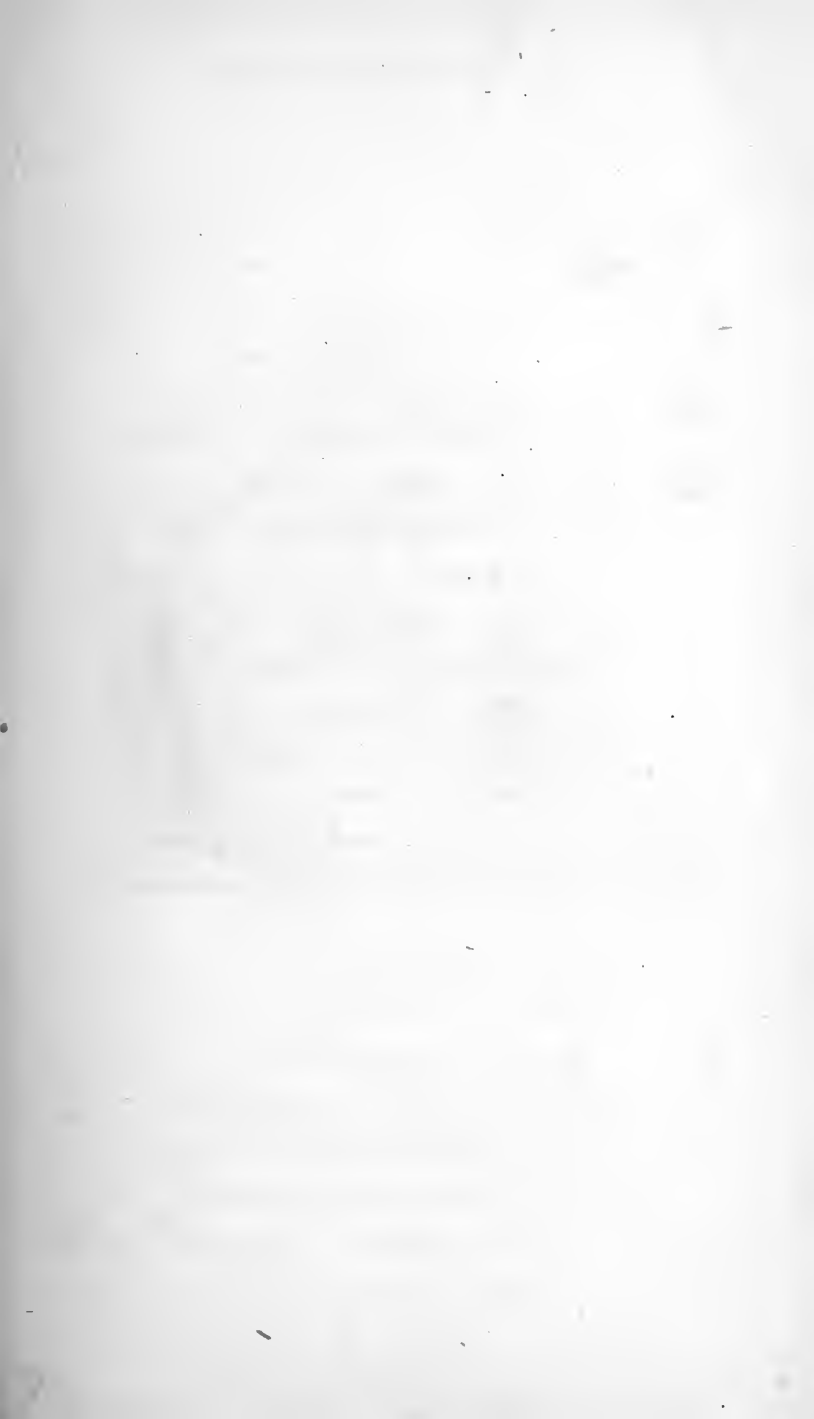
Yet leave within our hearts,
Dear melodists, the spirit of your praise,
Until ye come again ; and the brown nest,
That now its downy lining to the winds
Turns desolate, shall thrill at your return
With the loud welcome home.

For He who touch'd
Your breasts with minstrelsy, and every flower
With beauty, hath a lesson for his sons,
In all the varied garniture that decks
Life's banquet-board ; and he's the wisest guest
Who taketh gladly what his God doth send,
Keeping each instrument of joy in tune
That helps to fit him for the choir of Heaven.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY CLOCK.

So here thou' art, old friend,
Ready thine aid to lend,
 With honest face ;
The gilded figures just as bright
 Upon thy painted case,
As when I ran with young delight
 Their garniture to trace,
And though forbid thy burnish'd robe to touch,
Still gazed with folded hands, admiring long and much.

But where is she who sate
 Near in her elbow-chair,
 Teaching with patient care
Life's young beginner, on thy dial plate
To count the winged minutes, fleet and fair,
And mark each hour with deeds of love ?
Lo, she hath broke her league with time, and found the
 rest above.





And tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight- witching hour waxed old
Leaving themselves alone while thou wert near.

Thrice welcome, ancient crone !
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee,
And hear thy busy heart beat on.
Come, tell old tales to me :
Old tales such as I love, of hoar antiquity.

Thou hast good store, I trow,
For laughing and for weeping,
Things very strange to know,
And none the worse for keeping.
Soft tales have lovers told
Into the thrilling ear,
Till midnight's witching hour wax'd old,
Deeming themselves alone, while thou wert near,
In thy sly corner hid sublime,
With thy '*tick!*' '*tick!*' to warn how Time
Outliveth Love, boasting itself divine,
Yet fading ere the wreath which its fond votaries twine.

The unutter'd hopes and fears,
The deep-drawn rapturous tears
Of young paternity,
Were chronicled by thee.
The nursling's first faint cry,
Which from a bright-hair'd girl of dance and song,
The idol, incense-fed, of an adoring throng,

Did make a mother, with her quenchless eyes
Of love, and truth, and trust, and holiest memories ;
As Death's sharp ministry
Robeth an angel when the mortal dies.

Thy quick vibrations caught
The cradled infant's ear,
And while it scann'd thy face with curious fear,
Thou didst awake the new-born thought,
Peering through the humid eye,
Like star-beam in a misty sky ;
Though the nurse, standing still more near,
Mark'd but the body's growing wealth,
And praised that fair machine of clay,
Working in mystery and health
Its wondrous way.

Thy voice was like a knell,
Chiming all mournful with the funeral bell,
When stranger-feet came gathering slow
To see the master of the mansion borne
To that last home, the narrow and the low,
From whence is no return.

A laggard wert thou to the impatient breast
Of watching lover, or long-parted wife,

Counting each moment while the day unblest,
Like wounded snake, its length did draw ;
And blaming thee, as if the strife
Of wild emotion should have been thy law,
When thou wert pledged, in amity sublime,
To crystal-breasted truth and sky-reporting time.

Glad signal thou hast given
For the gay bridal, when with flower-wreath'd hair
And flushing cheek, the youthful pair
Stand near the priest with reverent air,
Dreaming that earth is heaven :—
And thou hast heralded with joyance fair
The green-wreath'd Christmas, and that other feast
With which the hard lot of colonial care
The pilgrim-sire besprinkled ; saving well
The golden pumpkin and the fatted beast,
And round-cheek'd apple, with its luscious swell
Till, the thanksgiving sermon duly o'er,
He greets his children at his humble door,
Bidding them welcome to his plenteous hoard,
As, gathering from their distant home,
To knit their gladden'd hearts in love they come,
Each with his youngling brood, round the gray father's
board.

Thou hast outlived thy maker, ancient clock !
He in his cold grave sleeps ; but thy slight wheels
Still do his bidding, yet his frailty mock,
While o'er his name oblivion steals.

O Man ! so prodigal of pride and praise,
Thy works survive thee ; dead machines perform
Their revolution, while thy scythe-shorn days
Yield thee a powerless prisoner to the worm.
How darest thou sport with Time, while he
Plunges thee darkly in Eternity ?
Haste ! ere its awful wave engulf thy form,
And make thy peace with Him, who rules above the
storm.

FRUITFUL AUTUMN.

AUTUMN grows pallid, and his bounteous course
Draws near its close, while with a feeble hand
He languidly divides to those around
The last love-tokens.

A few brilliant wreaths—
Woodbine and dahlia, tinged with berries red
And twined with night-shade, and those snowy orbs
That cluster mournful round their naked stems,
He gives the children, and to older friends
Pointeth the rich bequests of better days,
Full granaries teeming with the golden ear,
And o'er the fields the abundant stacks, where throng
The quiet flocks and herds.

Art satisfied,
Thou of the plough and spade? Full heir of all
The year's perfected bounty, dost forget
The bounteous season at whose voice the wain

Roll'd heavy from the harvest? Earth attests
His benefactions.

But behold he dies !

Winds sing his dirge, and the brown leaves bestrew
His pathway to the tomb. Mourning, they say,
“Remember how he clothed us in bright robes,
Crimson and gold, even as that Jewish king,
Who fell at Gilboa, deck'd with gorgeous pride
Fair Israel's daughters.”

Then the grass-blades breathed
A lowly sound, which he who bow'd his ear
To their crisp foreheads, caught:—

“He spared us long,
Holding the frost-king back, that we might cheer
Man with our simple beauty. Not in wrath,
Like some who went before him, did he tread
Upon our frailty. So we give him thanks.”

Then the glad birds, from their migration held
By his warm smile, pour'd forth their grateful strain:
“He gave us food, and with no stinted hand
Scatter'd the seeds that pleased our callow young.
And chained the howling blasts that ere the time
Were wont to drive us from our nests away.
For this we love him.”

And the bees replied:—

“We love him also, for he spared the flowers.”

And the brisk squirrel mid his hoarded nuts,
And the light cricket in its evening song,
Yea, the poor gadding house-fly on the wall
Pronounced him pitiful and kind to them.

So, genial autumn, in thy grave with tears,
As when a good man dies, we lay thee down,
Covering thee with the verdure thou hast spared,
Fresh sods and lingering flowers.

Thou didst not trust

Thy purposed goodness to another's hand,
Cheating thy soul of the sweet bliss that flows
From pure philanthropy, but day by day
Aroused the labourer to his harvest-song,
Gladdening the gleaner's heart, and o'er the board
Of the poor man pouring such fruits as make
His meagre children happy.

Thus like thine,

Friend whom we praise, may our own course be found,
Not coldly trusting to a future race
Our plans of charity to execute,
When we are gone ; but marking every hour
With some new deed of mercy, may we pass,
Bland, blessed Autumn ! to our grave like thee,
Mid the green memories of unnumber'd hearts

THE OLD ELMS.

I do remember me

Of two old elm-trees' shade,
With mosses sprinkled on their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd,
While the rocks above their head
Look'd down so stern and gray,
And the merry, crystal brooklet
Went singing on its way.

Thus, side by side, they flourish'd
With intertwining crown,
And through their broad, embracing arms
The prying moon look'd down;
And as I fondly linger'd there,
A musing child, alone,
I deem'd my secret heart she read
From her far silver throne.

I well remember me

Of all their wealth of leaves,
When Summer in her radiant loom

The burning solstice weaves,
And how with firm endurance

They braved the adverse sky,
Like Belisarius, doom'd to meet
His country's wintry eye.

Through varied climes I've wander'd,

Where stranger streamlets run,
Where flaunts the proud magnolia tree

Beneath a southern sun,
Or where the sparse and stunted pine

Uplifts its sombre form,
The vassal of the arctic cloud
And of the polar storm;

Or where the lakes, like oceans,
Their deep, blue waters spread,

Or where sublime Niagara smites
The admirer's soul with dread;

I've seen the vast cathedral's pile,
The pencil's wondrous art;
Yet still those old, green trees I bore
Depicted on my heart.

I sought my native village
When years had held their sway,
But many a column of its trust
Lay wreck'd in mouldering clay;
The stately and the white-hair'd men
Whose wisdom was its stay,
For them I ask'd, and Echo's voice
Responded, "*Where are they?*"

I sought the thrifty matron
Whose busy wheel was heard
When early beams of morning
Awoke the chirping bird;
Strange faces from her casement look'd,
Strange voices fill'd her cot,
And 'neath the very vine she train'd
Her memory was forgot.

I left a youthful matron,
Her children round her knee;
Those babes had changed to bearded men,
And coldly look'd on me;
While she, with all her bloom and grace,
Did in the churchyard lie;
Yet still those towering elms upbore
Their kingly canopy.

Though we, who 'neath their shadow

Pursued our childish play,

Now find amid our sunny locks

The sprinkled tint of gray;

Though still the region of our birth

Must many a change betide,

Long may those sacred elms retain

Their glorious strength and pride.

TO-MORROW.

ONCE when the traveller's coach o'er England's vales
Paused at its destined goal, an aged crone
Came from a neighbouring cottage, with such speed
As weary years might make, and with red eye
Scanning each passenger, in hurried tones
Demanded, "*Has he come?*"

"No, not to-day ;

To-morrow," was the answer. So, she turn'd,
Raising her shrivel'd finger, with a look
Half-credulous, half-reproachful, murmuring low,
"*To-morrow,*" and went homeward.

A sad tale

Was hers, they said. She and her husband shared,
From early days, a life of honest toil,
Content, though poor. One only son they had,
Healthful and bright, and to their simple thought
Both wise and fair. The father was a man
Austere and passionate, who loved his boy
With pride that could not bear to brook his faults

Nor patiently to mend them. As he grew
Toward man's estate, the mother's readier tact
Discern'd the change of character that meets
With chafing neck the yoke of discipline,
And humour'd it; while to the sire he seem'd
Still but a child, and so he treated him.
When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge
O'er brow and cheek, the father, at some fault
Born more of rashness than of turpitude,
Struck him in wrath, and turn'd him from his door
With bitter words. The youth, who shared too deep
The fiery temper of his father's blood,
Vow'd to return no more.

The mother wept,
And wildly pray'd her husband to forgive,
And call him back. But he, with aspect stern,
Bade her be silent, adding that the boy
Was by her folly and indulgence spoil'd
Beyond reclaim. And so she shuddering took
The tear and prayer back to her inmost soul,
And waited till the passion-storm should slack,
And die away. Long was that night of wo,
Yet mid its dreary watch, she thank'd her God
When, after hours of tossing, blessed sleep
Stole o'er the moody man. With quiet morn
Relentings came, and that ill-smother'd pang

With which an unruled spirit takes the lash
Of keen remorse. Awhile with shame he strove,
And then he bade the woman seek her son,
If so she will'd. Alas ! it was too late.
He was a listed soldier for a land
Beyond the seas, nor would their little all
Suffice to buy him back.

'Twere long to tell

How pain and loneliness and sorrow took
Their Shylock-payment for that passion-gust.
Or how the father, when his hour had come,
Said, with a trembling lip and hollow voice,
“ Would that our boy were here ! ” or how the wife,
In tenderest ministrations round his bed,
And in her widow'd mourning, echoed still
His dying words, “ Oh ! that our boy were here.”

Years sped, and oft her soldier's letters came
Replete with filial love, and penitence,
And promise of return. But then, her soul
Was wrung by cruel tidings, that he lay
Wounded and sick in foreign hospitals.
A line traced faintly by his own dear hand
Relieved the torture. He was order'd home,
Among the invalids.

Joy, long unknown

Rush'd through her desolate heart. To hear his voice,
To gaze into his eyes, to part the locks
On his pure forehead, to prepare his food,
And nurse his feebleness, she ask'd no more.

Again his childhood's long forsaken couch
Put forth its snowy pillow, and once more,
The well-saved curtain of flower'd muslin deck'd
The lowly casement where he erst did love
To sit and read.

The cushion'd chair, that cheer'd
His father's lingering sickness, should be his;
And on the little table at his side
The hour-glass stood, whose ever-shifting sands
Had pleased him when a boy.

The appointed morn
Drew slowly on. The cheerful coals were heap'd
In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived
She with her throbbing heart stood eager there.
"Has Willie come?"

Each traveller, intent
On his own destination, heeded not
To make reply. "Coachman! is Willie there?"

"Willie? No! no!" in a hoarse, hurried voice,
Came the gruff answer. "Know ye not he's dead,

Good woman? *Dead!* And buried on the coast,
Four days ago.”

But a kind stranger mark'd
How the strong surge of speechless agony
Swept o'er each feature, and in pity said,
“*Perchance he'll come to-morrow.*”

Home she went,
Struck to the soul, and wept the livelong night,
Insensible to comfort, and to all
Who spake the usual words of sympathy,
Answering nothing.

But when day return'd,
And the slight hammer of the cottage-clock
Announced the hour at which her absent son
Had been expected, suddenly she rose,
And dress'd herself and threw her mantle on,
And as the coachman check'd his foaming steeds,
Stood eager by his side. “Is Willie there?
My Willie? Say!”

While he, by pity school'd,
Answer'd, “*To-morrow.*”

And though years have fled,
And still her limbs grow weaker, and the hairs
Whiter and thinner on her wrinkled brow,
Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills
Preludeth the approaching traveller,

That poor, demented woman hurries forth
To speak her only question, and receive
That one reply, *To-morrow*.

And on that
Fragment of hope deferr'd, doth her worn heart
Feed and survive. Lull'd by those syren words,
“*To-morrow*,” which from childhood's trustful dawn
Have lured us all. When Reason sank
In the wild wreck of Grief, maternal Love
Caught at that empty sound, and clasp'd it close,
And grappled to it, like a broken oar,
To breast the shoreless ocean of despair.

E V E.

FOR the first time, a lovely scene
Earth saw, and smiled,—
A gentle form with pallid mien
Bending o'er a new-born child:
The pang, the anguish, and the wo
That speech hath never told,
Fled, as the sun with noontide glow
Dissolves the snow-wreath cold,
Leaving the bliss that none but mothers know;
While he, the partner of her heaven-taught joy,
Knelt in adoring praise beside his beauteous boy.

She, first of all our mortal race,
Learn'd the ecstasy to trace
The expanding form of infant grace
From her own life-spring fed;
To mark, each radiant hour,
Heaven's sculpture still more perfect growing,
More full of power;

The little foot's elastic tread,
The rounded cheek, like rose-bud glowing,
The fringed eye with gladness flowing,
As the pure, blue fountains roll;
And then those lisping sounds to hear,
Unfolding to her thrilling ear
The strange, mysterious, never-dying soul,
And with delight intense
To watch the angel-smile of sleeping innocence.

No more she mourn'd lost Eden's joy,
Or wept her cherish'd flowers,
In their primeval bowers
By wrecking tempests riven;
The thorn and thistle of the exile's lot
She heeded not,
So all-absorbing was her sweet employ
To rear the incipient man,* the gift her God had given.

And when his boyhood bold
A richer beauty caught,
Her kindling glance of pleasure told
The incense of her idol-thought:

* "I have gotten a man from the Lord." GEN. iv. 1.

Not for the born of clay
Is pride's exulting thrill,
Dark herald of the downward way,
And ominous of ill.

Even his cradled brother's smile
The haughty first-born jealously survey'd,
And envy mark'd the brow with hate and guile,
In God's own image made.

At the still twilight hour,
When saddest images have power,
Musing Eve her fears exprest:—
“He loves me not; no more with fondness free
His clear eye looks on me;
Dark passions rankle there, and moody hate
Predicts some adverse fate.
Ah! is this he, whose waking eye,
Whose faint, imploring cry,
With new and unimagined rapture blest?
Alas! alas! the throes his life that bought,
Were naught to this wild agony of thought
That racks my boding breast.”

So mourn'd our mother, in her secret heart,
With presage all too true;

And often from the midnight dream would start,

Her forehead bathed in dew;

But say, what harp shall dare,

Unless by hand immortal strung,

What pencil touch the hue,

Of that intense despair

Her inmost soul that wrung!

For Cain was wroth, and in the pastures green,

Where Abel led his flock, mid waters cool and sheen,

With fratricidal hand, that blameless shepherd slew

Earth learn'd strong lessons in her morning prime,

More strange than Chaos taught,

When o'er contending elements the darkest veil was wrought;

The poison of the tempter's glozing tongue,

Man's disobedience and expulsion dire,

The terror of the sword of fire

At Eden's portal hung,

Inferior creatures filled with savage hate,

No more at peace, no more subordinate;

Man's birth in agony, man's death by crime,

The taste of life-blood, brother-spilt;

But that red stain of guilt

Sent through her inmost heart such sickening pain,

That in her path o'er ether's plain

She hid her head and mourn'd, amid the planet-train.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR river ! not unknown to classic song,
Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
When first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
A line of silver mid a fringe of green,
Or where, near towering rocks, thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide,
Or where, in azure mantle pure and free,
Thou givest thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
More ancient cities, and a bolder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars
To where La Plata laves the tropic shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet mid the homes they love.
On equal laws their anchor'd hopes are stay'd,
By all interpreted, and all obey'd;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state:
To them content is bliss—and labour health,
And knowledge power, and pure religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods the wintry hearth that feed,
His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
His patient sons who aid their father's toil,
The ripening fields for joyous harvest drest,
And the white spire that points a world of rest.

His thrifty mate, solicitous to bear
An equal burden in the yoke of care,
With vigorous arm the flying shuttle heaves,
Or from the press the golden cheese receives:
Her pastime, when the daily task is o'er,
With apron clean, to seek her neighbour's door,

Partake the friendly feast, with social glow,
Exchange the news, and make the stocking grow;
Then hale and cheerful to her home repair,
When Sol's slant ray renews her evening care,
Press the full udder for her children's meal,
Rock the tired babe or wake the tuneful wheel.

See, toward yon dome where village science dwells,
When the church-clock its warning summons swells,
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
And gayly gather from each rustic door.
The new-wean'd child with murmuring tone proceeds,
Whom her scarce taller baby-brother leads,
Transferr'd as burdens, that the housewife's care
May tend the dairy, or the fleece prepare.
Light-hearted group! who carol wild and high,
The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
Or by some traveller's wheel aroused from play,
The stiff salute with deep demureness pay,
Bare the curl'd brow, and stretch the sunburnt hand,
The home-taught homage of an artless land.
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
The little baskets whence they hope to dine,
And larger books, as if their dexterous art
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part:—

Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Scorn not this lowly race, ye sons of pride,
Their joys disparage, nor their hopes deride :
From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel, and persuasive tongue ;
Unblenching souls, who ruled the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labour strong ;
Inventive minds, a nation's wealth that wrought ;
And white-hair'd sages, sold to studious thought ;
Chiefs, whose bold step the field of battle trod ;
And holy men, who fed the flock of God.

Here, mid the graves by time so sacred made,
The poor, lost Indian slumbers in the shade ;
He whose canoe with arrowy swiftness clave,
In ancient days, yon pure cerulean wave ;
Son of that Spirit, whom in storms he traced,
Through darkness followed, and in death embraced,
He sleeps an outlaw, mid his forfeit land,
And grasps the arrow in his moulder'd hand.

Here, too, our patriot sires with honour rest,
In Freedom's cause who bared the valiant breast ;

Sprang from their half-drawn furrow, as the cry
Of threaten'd Liberty went thrilling by,
Look'd to their God, and rear'd, in bulwark round,
Breasts free from guile, and hands with toil embrown'd,
And bade a monarch's thousand banners yield—
Firm at the plough, and glorious in the field:
Lo! here they rest who every danger braved,
Unmark'd, untrophied, mid the soil they saved.
Round scenes like these doth warm remembrance glide,
Where emigration rolls its ceaseless tide
On western wilds, which thronging hordes explore,
Or ruder Erie's serpent-haunted shore,
Or far Huron, by unshorn forests crown'd,
Or red Missouri's unfrequented bound,
The exiled man, when midnight shades invade,
Couch'd in his hut, or camping on the glade,
Starts from his dream, to catch, in echoes clear,
The boatman's song that charm'd his boyish ear;
While the sad mother, mid her children's mirth,
Paints with fond tears a parent's distant hearth,
Or cheats her rustic babes with tender tales
Of thee, blest river! and thy velvet vales,
Her native cot, where luscious berries swell,
The village school, and Sabbath's tuneful bell,
And smiles to see the infant soul expand
With proud devotion for that father-land.

BELL OF THE WRECK.

The bell of the steamer Atlantic, lost in Long-Island Sound, Nov. 25th, 1846, being supported by portions of the wreck and the contiguous rock, continued to toll, swept by wind and surge, the requiem of the dead.

TOLL, toll, toll,
Thou bell by billows swung,
And night and day thy warning words
Repeat with mournful tongue !
Toll for the queenly boat,
Wreck'd on yon rocky shore ;
Sea-weed is in her palace-halls,
She rides the surge no more !

Toll for the master bold,
The high-soul'd and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave !
Toll for the hardy crew,
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant Ocean dared,
But it vanquish'd them at last !

Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallow'd voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
Of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain-billows' strife!

Toll for the lover lost
To the summon'd bridal train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath the unfathom'd main.
One from her casement gazeth
Long o'er the misty sea;
He cometh not, pale maiden,
His heart is cold to thee!

Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad expecting group,
Fond wife, and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth,
The festal board is spread,
But a fearful guest is at the gate:
Room for the sheeted dead!

Toll for the loved and fair,
The whelm'd beneath the tide,
The broken harps around whose strings
The dull sea-monsters glide !
Mother and nursling sweet,
Reft from the household throng;
There's bitter weeping in the nest
Where breath'd their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed
'Neath misery's furrowing trace !
Toll for the hapless orphan left
The last of all his race !
Yea, with thy heaviest knell
From surge to rocky shore,
Toll for the living, not the dead,
Whose mortal woes are o'er !

Toll, toll, toll,
O'er breeze and billow free,
And with thy startling lore instruct
Each rover of the sea ;
Tell how o'er proudest joys
May swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high,
Lone Teacher of the deep !

WINTER AND AGE.

GRAY Winter loveth silence. He is old,
And liketh not the sporting of the lambs,
Nor the shrill song of birds. It irketh him
To hear the forest melodies, though still
He giveth license to the ruffian winds,
That, with black foreheads and distended cheeks,
Mutter hoarse thunders on their wrecking path.

He lays his finger on the lip of streams,
And they are ice; and stays the merry foot
Of the slight runlet, as it leapeth down,
Terrace by terrace, from the mountain's head.
He silenceth the purling of the brook,
That told its tale in gentle summer's ear
All the day long reproachless, and doth bid
Sharp frosts chastise and chain it, till it shrink
Abash'd away.

He sits with wrinkled face,
Like some old grandsire, ill at ease, who shuts

The noisy trooping of the children out,
And drawing nearer to the pleasant fire,
Doth settle on his head the velvet cap,
And bless his stars for quiet once again.
Stern winter drives the truant fountain back
To the dark caverns of the imprisoning earth,
And deadeneth with his drifted snows the sound
Of wheel and foot-tramp.

Thus it is with man,
When the chill winter of his life draws on.
The ear doth loathe the sounds that erst it loved,
Or, like some moody hermit, bar the door,
Though sweetest tones solicit it in vain.
The eye grows weary of the tarnish'd scenes
And old wind-shaken tapestries of time,
While all the languid senses antedate
The Sabbath of the tomb.

The echoing round
Of giddy pleasures, where his heart in youth
Disported eagerly, the rushing tread
Of the great, gorgeous world, are nought to him,
Who, as he journeyeth to a clime unknown,
Would to the skirts of holy silence cling,
And let all sounds and symphonies of earth
Fall like a faded vestment from the soul.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear,
And the glittering garland of gold and red,
Which was wreath'd for a while round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless and bare and gray.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up in a ball to sleep;
And the cricket his merry horn laid by
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon the birds were heard, at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime:
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-wing'd jay;
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,

"I am tired to death of this humdrum tree;
I'll go, if 'tis only the world to see!"

"Will you go?" ask'd the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded, "Wherever your lot is cast,
Mid summer skies or the northern blast,
I am still at your side all your wanderings to cheer,
Though dear is our nest in the thicket here."

"I am ready to go," cried the querulous wren,
"From the wind-swept homes of these northern men;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue;
I fear I have caught the consumption too."
And the oriole told, with a flashing eye,
How his plumage was dimm'd by this frosty sky.

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet call,
And the martins came forth from their cells on the wall,
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,
And the swallows conversed on the old church-tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they,
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;

Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains;
Every worm is hid—shall we longer stay
To be wasted with famine? Away! away!"

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke;
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators started to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off through the fathomless depths of air.
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,
By the star at night and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing,
Or where the minaret, towering high,
Pierces the blue of the Moslem sky,
Or mid the harem's haunts of fear,
Their lodgings to build, and their nurslings rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in to its vistas green,
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree
Thrill at the burst of their melody,
And the bulbul starts, mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

Oh wild wood-wanderers ! how far away
From your rural 'homes in our vales ye stray ;
But when they are waked by the touch of Spring,
Shall we see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nests mid our household trees to raise,
And fill our hearts with our Maker's praise ?

PARTING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

YON slender boy his bark hath launch'd
On life's deceitful tide ;
His balmy years of childhood o'er,
He goes without a guide,
Amid the stir and strife of men
His devious course to run,
The tempter and the snare to bide—
God bless the widow's son.

He turneth from the pleasant door,
And from the garden fair,
Where with his little spade he wrought
Beneath a mother's care ;
He bears his head like manhood high,
Yet tears their course will run,
When on his stranger-bed he rests—
God bless the widow's son.

Say ye he goeth forth alone

To dare the eventful field?

No, no! a spell is round him thrown,

Like adamantine shield,—

A mournful mother's fervent prayer!

So, till his life is done,

Till time and toil and change are o'er,

God bless the widow's son.

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

THE summer-day declined o'er Edom's yales,
As on, through rugged paths of lone Mount Hor,
Three men went travelling slow.

One, whose white beard
O'erswept his reverend breast, moved painful on,
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,
More wearily did lean on those who lent
Their kindly aid.

I see the mitred brow
Of the High Priest of Israel, and anon,
As the slant sun sends forth some brighter beam
Through the sparse boughs and cones of terebinth,
His dazzling breastplate like a rainbow gleams.

He muses o'er the distant Past, and calls
The buried years. Each, like unwilling ghost,
Comes up with its dark scroll and glides away.
Again the moan of Egypt meets his ear,
As when her first-born died; the sounding surge

Of the divided sea, enforced to leave
Its ancient channels; the affrighted cry
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base;
Their murmurings and their mockings and their strife;
The sin at Meribah; the desert-graves
Fed with a rebel race,—all rise anew,
And, like the imagery of troubled dreams,
Enwrap the spirit.

With what earnest eye
And mournful, from the topmost cliff he gazed.
There, stretching round its base, like sprinkled snow
Were Israel's tents, where lay in brief repose
The desert-wearied tribes.

Through distant haze
Gleam'd Edom's roofs, with shadowy palm-trees blent;
While farther still, like a black Stygian pool,
The lone Dead Sea its sullen waters roll'd.

He turn'd, and lo! Mount Seir with frowning brow
Confronted him. All solemn and severe
Was its uncover'd forehead. Did it rise
Like witness stern, to stir with vengeful hand
The sleeping memories of forgotten things,
That probe the conscience?

Once again he bent
To mark the tents of Jacob. Fair they seem'd,

Amid lign-aloes and the cedars tall
That God had planted ;—fairer than to him,
That recreant prophet, who was yet to spy
The chosen people, resting on their way,
And by fierce Balak's side, from Peor's top
Take up his parable, changing the curse
Into a blessing.

But to Aaron's eye,
The haunts his feet must ne'er revisit more
Put on new beauty. For the parting hour
Unveils the love that like a stranger hides
In the heart's depths.

Was that his own sweet home,
Its curtains floating, as the southern breeze
Woo'd its white folds ?

He pass'd his arm around
His brother's shoulder, leaning heavily,
And lower o'er his bosom droop'd his head,
In that long, farewell look, which by no sound
Reveal'd its import to the mortal ear.

Anon his features wear a brightening tinge,
And o'er his high anointed brow breaks forth
A gleam of joy. Caught he a glorious view
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,

And water'd by the river of his God,
Where was his heritage?

Or stole a strain
From Miriam's timbrel, o'er the flood of death
Urging him onward, through the last faint steps
Of toil-worn life?

And now they reach the spot
Where he had come to die. Strange heaviness
Settled around his spirit. Then he knew
That death's dark angel stretch'd a sable wing
'Tween him and earth. The altar, and the ark,
The unutter'd mysteries seen within the veil,
Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,
Grew dim and vanish'd.

So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble voice,
He bless'd, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft his will reveal'd
Unto the chosen tribes, whom Aaron loved,
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land

He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapp'd in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.

Steadfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to heaven
The prophet Moses stood, as if by faith
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief
Nor sign of earthly passion mark'd the man
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with God.
—But the young priest knelt down, with quivering lip,
And press'd his forehead on the pulseless breast,
And, mid the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity intrusted to his hand,
Remembering but the father that he loved,
Long with his filial tears bedew'd the clay.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again ;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever.
I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead ;
And when of scath and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

3359

BLUE-BIRD ! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whiten'd ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?

Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry :
Hast thou woo'd some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappall'd shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtain'd chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

“TELL me a story—please,” my little girl
Lisp’d from her cradle. So I bent me down
And told her how it rain’d, and rain’d, and rain’d,
Till all the flowers were cover’d, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll’d ;
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God. But one good man,
Who long had warn’d the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark ; and thither, with his wife
And children, turn’d for safety. Two and two
Of beasts and birds and creeping things he took,
With food for all ; and when the tempest roar’d,
And the great fountains of the sky pour’d out
A ceaseless flood, till all besides were drown’d,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o’er the bosom of the deep they sail’d

For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er that boundless wave.
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,
Because of disobedience. Naught she spied
Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest.
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove received,
And to her mate restored, who, with sad moans,
Had wonder'd at her absence.

Then I look'd
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleased attention curl'd her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, and the tired ark

Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah with glad spirit rear'd
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek prest to mine, she fondly asks
"The Ark and Dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a seal'd lip: and tenderly hath blent
With the warm teaching of the sacred tale
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
New in the rosy mesh of infancy
Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest,
A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming hand
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

THE LOBELIA CARDINALIS.

“CULL me a flower,” the Indian maid
Unto her lover sigh’d,—
“Such as thy noble spirit deems
Fit for thy chosen bride.

“And I will wear it on my brow
When from this home I part,
And enter to thy forest bower,
Thy true love in my heart.”

Then he, who with Acteon’s stride
Had erst that region trod,
Now with bow’d head went searching o’er
The flower-enamell’d sod.

Unconscious of the unroused deer,
Or the eagle’s sunward throne,
That haughty chieftain meekly roam’d,
His thoughts on love alone.

He cut the rich wild rose, that still
A lingering radiance cast;
Though soon its falling petals told
Its day of pride was past.

He pluck'd the iris, deeply blue,
The amaryllis bright,
And hid their treasures through the day,
But cast them forth at night.

He bound the water-lily white
Amid her lustrous hair,
Yet found her black and flashing eye
Required a gem more rare.

At length, beside its mantling pool
Majestic and serene,
He saw the proud lobelia tower
In beauty like a queen.

That eve, the maiden's ebon locks
Reveal'd its glowing power,
Amid the simple nuptial rites,
That graced the chieftain's bower.

But she who by that stately flower
Her lover's preference knew,
Was doom'd, alas ! in youthful hour
To share its frailty too.

For ere again its glorious bloom
Rejoiced in Summer's eye,
She droop'd amid her forest home—
Her fount of life was dry.

Then, as the ebbing pulse declined,
Forth from her sacred nook,
With swimming eye and trembling hand,
Her bridal wreath she took,

And bound its wither'd floral bells
Around her temples pale,
And faintly to her maidens spake,—
For breath began to fail:—

“Should the last death-pangs shake me sore,
(For on they come with power,)
Press closer in my ice-cold hand
My husband's token-flower ;

“And rear the turf-mound broad and high
To span my lonely grave,
That naught may sever from my locks
The gift of love he gave;

“So, when the dance of souls goes forth
Athwart the starry plain,
He’ll know me by his chosen flower,
And make me his again.”

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

Go to your peaceful rest,
Friends of a brighter hour,
Jewels on youthful beauty's breast,
Lights of the hall and bower.
Well have ye borne your part,
Fair children of the sky,
We'll keep your memory in our heart
When low in dust you lie.

Your gladness in our joy,
Your smile beside our way,
Your gentle service round the bed
Of sickness and decay,
Your rainbow on the cloud,
Your sympathy in pain—
We'll keep the memory of your deeds
Until we meet again.

Rest from the blush of love,
Rest from the blight of care,
From the sweet nursing of your buds,
And from the nipping air;
Rest from the fever-thirst
Of summer's noontide heat,
From coiling worm, and rifling hand
That vex'd your lone retreat.

If e'er ye thrill'd with pride
When the admirer knelt,
Or on the lowly look'd with scorn
Which man for man hath felt;
If through your bosoms pure
Hath aught like evil flow'd,
Since folly may with angels dwell,
Rest from that painful load.

But not with grief or fear
Bow down the drooping head;
See, in the chambers of your birth
Your dying couch is spread.
Go, strong in faith, ye flowers,
Strong in your guileless trust
With Spring's awakening trump to rise
Above imprisoning dust.

K

STORM-SAILS.

OUT with thy storm-sails, for the blast is loud,
And seas and skies commingle.

Pleasant smiles,
Fond cheering hopes, delightful sympathies,
Story and song, the needle's varied skill,
The shaded lamp, the glowing grate at eve,
The page made vocal by a taste refined,
Imparted memories, plans for others' good,
These are a woman's storm-sails. Fain we'd keep
Each one in readiness, whene'er the cloud
Maketh our home our fortress, and debars
Egress abroad.

So, choose ye which to spread,
My fair young lady. For the foot of youth
Is nimblest mid the shrouds of social life;
And readiest should its fairy hand unfurl
The household banner of true happiness.
What has thy brow to do with frowns? thy heart
With selfish lore? as yet, so little school'd

In the world's venal traffic. Make thine eye
A cheering light-house to the voyager
Wearied and worn. Shed blessed hope on all,
Parent, fraternal group, or transient guest;
Nor let the toiling servant be forgot,
Who in the casket of remembrance stores
Each word of praise.

Mother, when tempests rage,
Draw thy young children nearer. Let them share
The intercourse that, while it soothes, instructs,
And elevates the soul. Implant some germ
Of truth, or tenderness, or holy faith,
And trust the rain of heaven to water it.
So shall those sweet, unfolding blossoms blend
In future years thine image with the storm,
Like the pure rainbow, with its glorious scroll
Teaching of God.

Scholar, and child of rhyme,
This is thy holiday. No vexing fear
Of interruption, and no idler's foot
Shall mar thy revery.

And while the flame
Of blissful impulse nerves thy flying pen,
Write on thy storm-sails deathless thoughts to guide
Thy wind-swept brother to the port of peace.

THE SCOTTISH WEAVER.

As hasting night o'er Scotia's plains
Its murky mantle flung,
And on its skirts with ruffian wrath
A threatening tempest hung,

Beside a farm-house door, a voice
Rose o'er the howling blast,
"Ah! give us shelter from the storm,
The darkness gathers fast.

"We are not vagrants, God forbid!
A dark and evil day,
That made so many looms stand still,
Hath taken our bread away.

"And now, to Inverary's vales,
In search of work we go,
And thrice the setting sun hath seen
Our way-worn course, and slow.

“My wife a nursing infant bears,
Three younglings at her side,
Weary and cold,”—but churlish tones
The earnest suit denied.

“The humblest shed is all we ask,
Your food we will not crave,
And blessings on your head shall rest
E’en till we find a grave.

“Ah! for our dear Redeemer’s sake,
Let us till morning stay,”
The harsh key grated in its ward,—
The suppliant turn’d away.

He held his hand before his face
To bar the blinding sleet,
And sorrow’d for those hearts that soon
Such dread repulse must meet.

“O husband, you have linger’d long;
’Tis lonesome on the wold;
Up, bairnies, to yon bonny house,
And shield ye from the cold.”

The wretched man bent shuddering down,
Scarce kenn'd he what to say,
He could not find it in his heart
To take her hope away.

Yet o'er the moor, for many a league,
All desolate and drear,
He knew no other dwelling rose,
The traveller's sight to cheer.

"Jeanie, my poor and patient wife,
God give thee strength to bear;
'Neath yonder roof we may not bide,
There is no mercy there."

The weary woman groan'd aloud:
"Not for myself I cry,
But for the babe that feebly pines,
Methinks its death is nigh."

The little children sobb'd and wept,
And, clinging round her, said,
"O mother! mother! 'tis so long
Since you have given us bread."

The pitying father hush'd their grief,
And drew them to his side,
Till sleep, the angel, on their cheeks
The trickling sorrow dried;

Then spread his mantle o'er their breasts,
Scant though it was and poor,
And there mid driving snows they cower'd,
Upon the dreary moor.

Wild throb'd his aching head, and wide
His starting eyeballs strain,
While through the darkness, lurid fires
Seem'd flashing from his brain:

Strange phantom-forms went gibbering by,
And woke to fearful strife
The thoughts that nerve the reckless hand
Against the traveller's life.

A new and dauntless strength he felt,
Like giant in his prime,
Such strength as drives the madden'd wretch
To judgment ere his time.

But from the fountain of his soul
Uprose a contrite prayer,
That Heaven would crush the seeds of crime,
And break the tempter's snare.

Kind tones the awful revery broke,
A human form drew near,
An humble serving-man who mark'd
Their misery severe;

One who the stern denial heard
That check'd the plaint of need,
And ventured to an outhouse rude
The hapless group to lead.

Oh poor man, who thyself hast quaked
'Neath hunger-pang, and cold,
Or felt the lashing of the winds
Through garments thin and old;

Far better canst thou feel for those
Who bide misfortune's blast,
Than Plenty's proud and pamper'd sons
Who share the rich repast,

Who, lapp'd in luxury, rejoice
By fireside bright and warm,
Or from their curtain'd pillow list
The howling of the storm.

Rest to those wearied ones, how sweet!
E'en on that pauper-bed,
The tatter'd blanket o'er them cast,
The straw beneath them spread.

But, at gray dawn, a piercing shriek!
Hark to that wild despair!
"My babe! my babe! she breathes no more!"
Oh Spoiler! art thou there?

That ghastly face the children mark'd
As up from sleep they sprang,
The thin blue fingers clench'd so close
In the last hunger-pang.

And pitiful it was to see
How meagre want and care
Had set the wasting seal of years
On brow so small and fair.

Loud rose the wail of childhood's wo:

“Will she not wake again,

Our play-mate sister? Never more?”

Keen was that transient pain.

But whosoe'er hath chanced to hear

A mother's cry of dread,

Who, waking, on her bosom finds

Her nursling cold and dead,—

Its nerveless lip empower'd no more

The fount of life to press,

And gleeful smile and speaking eye

Mute to the fond caress,—

I say, whoe'er that sound hath heard

Invade his lone retreat,

Will keep the echo in his soul

While memory holds her seat.

The father started to her side,

He spoke no word of wo;

Words!—would they dare in such an hour

Their poverty to show?

E'en manly nature reel'd to meet
Such sudden shock of grief,—
And drowning thought to trifles clung,
In search of vain relief.

The swallows, startled from their nests
By pain's discordant sound,
Among the rafters bare and brown
Went circling round and round;

And gazing on their aimless flight,
He strove, with futile care,
To parry for a little space
The anguish of despair.

But now, e'en hardest human hearts
With sympathy were fraught,
For late remorse the kindness woke
That pity should have taught.

There lay the babe so still and cold,
Crush'd 'neath affliction's weight,
For whom, perchance, their earlier care
Had won a longer date;

But in the churchyard's grassy bound
A narrow spot they gave,
With tardy charity, that yields—
Instead of bread—a *grave*.

Sad tears of agonizing grief
Bedew'd the darling's clay,
And then that stricken-hearted group
Pursued their mournful way.

O'er Scotia's glens and mountains rude
A toilsome path they wound,
Or 'neath some cotter's lowly roof
A nightly shelter found,

Until, mid Inverary's vales,
Once more a home they knew,
And from the father's earnest hand
The unresting shuttle flew.

And though but scant the dole he earn'd,
Yet prudence found a way
To make it satisfy the needs
Of each returning day.

So, to her parents' heavy lot
Some filial aid to lend,
The eldest, Bessie, left her home,
A shepherd's flock to tend.

Unceasing, for her helpless ones,
The industrious mother strove,
And season'd still the homeliest meal
With sweet maternal love.

Oft, when the quiet gloaming fell
O'er heathery field and hill,
And 'tween the daylight and the dark
Her busier toils were still,

She told them wild and stirring tales
Of Scotia's old renown,
And of the Bruce who bravely won,
In evil times, the crown;

Or sang, to rouse their patriot zeal,
Some high, heroic stave;
Or whisper'd, through her swelling tears,
Of their lost sister's grave;
L

Or bade them duly, night and morn,
 Whene'er they knelt in prayer,
To supplicate for Bessie dear
 Their God's protecting care.

Yet joyous was the hour when they,
 With shout and gambol fleet,
Went bounding from the cottage door
 The approaching sire to greet,

Who twice a month, from distant scenes
 Of weary toil and care,
Walk'd three times three long Scottish miles
 To spend his Sabbath there.

And when, like lone and glimmering star,
 Across the heath he spied
The rush-light in the window placed
 His homeward steps to guide,

Methought a spirit's wing was his,
 From all obstruction free,
Till by his Jeanie's side he sate,
 The wee things on his knee.



" Yet joyous was the hour, when they
With shout, and gambol fleet,
Went bounding from the cottage door,
The approaching sire to greet "



There, while the humble fire of peat
A flickering radiance threw,
The oatmeal parritch had a zest
The unloving never knew.

And from the poor man's thrilling heart
Such grateful praise arose,
As they have never learn'd to breathe
Who never shared his woes.

Once, when the hallow'd day of rest
Had pass'd serenely by,
And evening with its sober veil
Encompass'd earth and sky,

Their cottage worship duly paid,
While from the pallet near,
The little sleepers' breathing fell
Like music on their ear,

The faithful pair with kind discourse
Beguiled the gathering shade,
As fitful o'er the darken'd wall
The blinking ingle play'd.

Then Jeanie many a soothing word
To Willie's heart address'd,
Her head upon his shoulder laid,
His arm around her press'd.

Much of their bairnies' weal she spake,
And with confiding air
Incited for their tender years
A father's watchful care,

With tearful eye and trembling tone,
As one about to trust
Fond treasures to another's hand,
And slumber in the dust.

Her heavenly hopes, she said, were bright,
But mortal life was frail,
And something, whispering, warn'd her soul
That soon her strength might fail.

"Oh, Willie dearest! ne'er before
I've stay'd thy lingering tread,
For well I know 'tis hard to take
The time that earns our bread.

“But now one single day I ask,
For then, the weight that bow’d
My spirit with its presage dire,
May prove an April cloud.”

He stay’d, to mark the fearful pang
That hath not yet been told;
To see the livid hues of death
The rigid brow unfold.

He stay’d, to find all help was vain,
Ere the next evening-tide,
And then to lay her in the grave,
Her new-born babe beside.

Her new-born babe! With her it died,
And in the white shroud’s fold,
Fast by her marble breast ’twas seen,
A blossom crush’d and cold.

Oh wounded and forsaken man!
Whom mocking Hope doth flee,
The lingering luxury of grief
Is not for such as thee.

Stern Toil doth summon thee away,
And thou the call must hear,
As the lone Arab strikes his tent
To roam the desert drear.

He closed the pleasant room where late
His cheerful hearth had burn'd,
And to the waiting landlord's hand
The household key return'd.

And to a pitying neighbour's door
His youngest nursling led,
Too weak to try the weary road
It was his lot to tread,—

With earnest words bespoke her care,
Which he would well repay,
Then bless'd the poor, unconscious boy,
And sadly turn'd away.

With wondering eyes, the stranger-child
The unwonted scene survey'd,
And to the darkest corner shrank,
Bewilder'd and afraid.

From thence, escaping to his home
With bosom swelling high,
Uplifted, as he fled away,
A loud and bitter cry ;

And wildly call'd his mother's name,
And press'd the unyielding door,
And breathless listen'd for the voice
That he must hear no more.

And, then, the holy hymn she taught
He lisp'd with simple wile,
As if that talisman were sure
To win her favouring smile.

But when all efforts fruitless proved,
Exhausted with his moan,
The orphan sobb'd himself to sleep
Upon the threshold-stone.

Even passing travellers paused to mark
A boy, so young and fair,
Thus slumbering on a stony bed
Amid the nipping air,—

A boy, whose flaxen curls, the care
Of matron love disclose,
Though sorrow's pearl-drops sprinkled lay
Upon his cheeks of rose.

But onward, toward his lot of toil
With spirit bow'd and bent,
Wee Willie walking by his side,
The widow'd father went.

Silent they journey'd, hand in hand,
While from its cloud-wrapp'd head
A shower of chill and drizzling mist
The bleak Benachie shed.

Then, from the beaten track they turn'd
A broken path to wind,
The lonely spot where Bessie dwelt,
In a far glen to find.

They wander'd long o'er strath and brae,
While blasts autumnal sweep,
Before their own poor girl they spied
Tending her snowy sheep.

Up toward the mountain side she gazed,
Intent, yet sad of cheer,
Expecting still, from hour to hour,
To greet her mother dear.

Alas! this was the appointed day
On which that tender friend
Had promised with her loving child
A little time to spend.

Warm stockings, that her hand would knit
From fleecy wool, to bring;
Perchance, a broader plaid, to shield
From coming winter's sting.

As bounds the glad and nimble deer,
She flew, their steps to meet;
"Father! and Willie! welcome here!
But where's my mother sweet?"

"Speak to her, Willie! Kiss her cheek!
That grows so pale and white;
Fain would I turn away awhile,
I cannot bear the sight.

“O sob not so, my precious son !
Speak kindly words, and say
Why your lost mother does not come,
And how she sleeps in clay.”

So, clasp'd within each other's arms,
Upon the heather dry,
Beside a clear and rippling brook
That crept unheeded by,

They told their tale of wo, and found
In sympathy relief;
But he, the deeper mourner, sank,
In solitary grief.

And nought escaped his utterance there,
While kneeling on the sod,
Save her loved name, his poor lost wife,
And broken cries to God.

Nor long the kindred tear to pour
That smitten group might stay,
For meagre Want with tyrant frown
Were beckoning them away.

“Oh, put your trust in God, my child,”
The parting father said,
Then kiss’d his daughter’s trembling lips,
And on his journey sped.

And sometimes, when her task bore hard,
It seem’d a mother’s sigh,
“Oh, put your trust in God, my child,”
Came breathing from the sky.

Oh ye, who see the suffering poor
With countless ills oppress,
Yet on in lordly chariots roll,
Nor heed their sad request;—

Who mark the unrequited toil
That with its mountain weight
Doth crush them hopeless to the dust,
Yet leave them to their fate;

Think of the hour, when forth, like theirs,
Your uncloth’d soul must fleet,
Its last and dread account to bide
Before the Judge’s seat.

And if to feed the hungering poor,
And be the orphan's stay,
Shall be remember'd mid the ire
Of that terrific day,

Haste! ope the hand to mercy's deed,
The heart to sorrow's prayer,
And bid your lowly brother plead
For your forgiveness there.

NOTE.

"Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavements of that terrible night, I sate for some minutes gazing upward at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, that had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry."—*Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.*

This poem is almost a literal version of circumstances related in a book, with the above title, published in England recently, and written by William Thom, a Scotch weaver and poet. "Its object," says the author, "is to impart to one portion of the community glimpses of what is going on in another."

In our own happy land, the labouring poor have no idea of the distress which he thus simply yet forcibly depicts. It occurred soon after six thousand looms were stopped in the region of Dundee, and just before William Thom, with his wife and four little ones, left their home at Newlyte, in search of the means of subsistence at Inverary, as related in the preceding stanzas.

"It had been a stiff winter and an unkindly spring; but I will not expatiate on six human lives maintained on five shillings weekly, on babies prematurely thoughtful, on comely faces withering, on desponding youth, and too quickly declining age. I will describe one morning of modified starvation at Newlyte, and then pass on.

"Imagine a cold, dreary forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible. The

mother sits beside the bed of her children, to lull them back to sleep, when either shall show any inclination to wake. For this there is a cause. Our weekly five shillings have not come as was expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke, beyond the mother's power to hush it again to sleep. It finally broke out into a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprang up, each little one exclaiming, 'Oh mother! mother! give me a piece.' How weak a word is *sorrow*, to apply to the feelings of myself and my wife on that dreary day!"

NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,

To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.

The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees

That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore
Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves
Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,
How bold they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak

Alone of God, who pour'd thee as a drop

From his right-hand,—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main ;
Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock ;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave ;
Ye're a puny race thus boldly to rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone ;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field;
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield;
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath:
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold;
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
The mariner's bed mid their halls of glee:
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with the thronging dead?

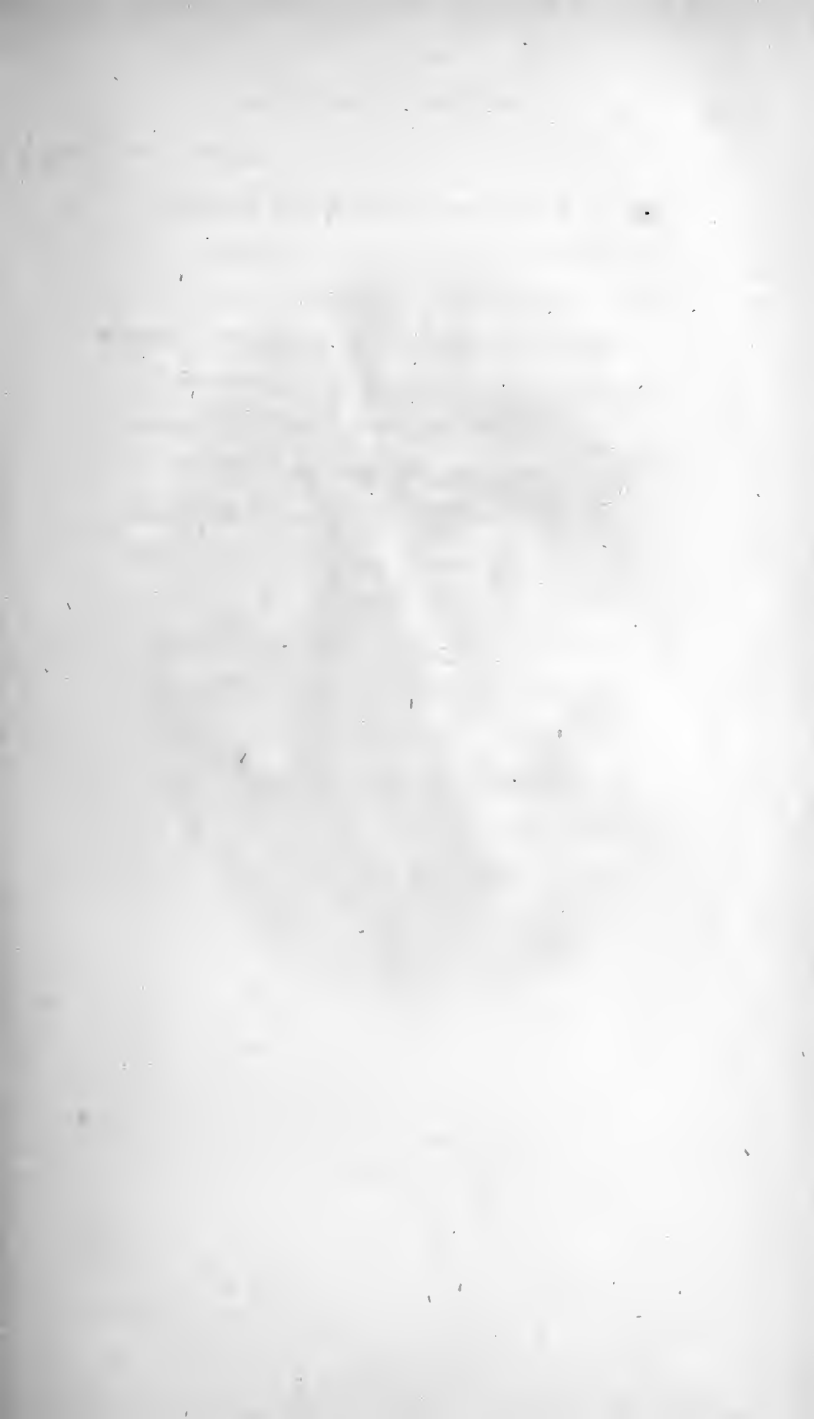
Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crown'd pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmark'd mid the watery plain,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering, such as prest
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care;
Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis your Father's house
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gayly rove,
And deem perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colours" proves His love,
Whose sign is in the heart and whose reward above.

And ye, blest labourers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
Who from your cells of meditation dear
Come forth to guide the weak, untutor'd mind—
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love, one tear of contrite pain,—
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths. Be your gain
A Sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.





THE WOODS
OF THE
MOUNTAINS
OF THE
MOUNTAINS





THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN was the red man's summer?

When the rose
Hung its first banner out? When the gray rock,
Or the brown heath, the radiant kalmia clothed?
Or when the loiterer by the reedy brooks
Started to see the proud lobelia glow
Like living flame? When through the forest gleam'd
The rhododendron? or the fragrant breath
Of the magnolia swept deliciously
O'er the half laden nerve?

No. When the groves
In fleeting colours wrote their own decay,
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpen'd blast
That sang their dirge; when o'er their rustling bed
The red deer sprang, or fled the shrill-voiced quail,
Heavy of wing and fearful; when, with heart
Foreboding or depress'd, the white man mark'd
The signs of coming winter: then began

The Indian's joyous season.* Then the haze,
Soft and illusive as a fairy dream,
Lapp'd all the landscape in its silvery fold.
The quiet rivers, that were wont to hide
'Neath shelving banks, beheld their course betray'd
By the white mist that o'er their foreheads crept,
While wrapp'd in morning dreams, the sea and sky
Slept 'neath one curtain, as if both were merged
In the same element. Slowly the sun,
And all reluctantly, the spell dissolved,
And then it took upon its parting wing
A rainbow glory.

Gorgeous was the time,
Yet brief as gorgeous. Beautiful to thee,
Our brother hunter, but to us replete
With musing thoughts in melancholy train.
Our joys, alas! too oft were wo to thee.
Yet ah, poor Indian! whom we fain would drive
Both from our hearts, and from thy father's lands,
The perfect year doth bear thee on its crown,
And when we would forget, repeat thy name.

* An aged chief said to our ancestors, "The white man's summer is past and gone, but that of the Indian begins when the leaves fall."

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

It was the leafy month of June,
And joyous Nature, all in tune,
 With wreathing buds was drest,
As toward Niagara's fearful side
 A youthful stranger prest.
His ruddy cheek was blanch'd with awe,
And scarce he seem'd his breath to draw,
 While, bending o'er its brim,
He mark'd its strong, unfathom'd tide,
 And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,
Another, and another sped,
And soon the summer rose decay'd,
The moon of autumn sank in shade,
Years fill'd their circle brief and fair,
Yet still the enthusiast linger'd there,

Till winter hurl'd its dart;
For deeply round his soul was wove
A mystic chain of quenchless love,
That would not let him part.
When darkest midnight veil'd the sky,
You'd hear his hasting step go by,
To gain the bridge beside the deep,
That thread-like o'er the surge
Shot, where the wildest torrents leap,
And there, upon its awful verge,
His vigil lone to keep.

And when the moon, descending low,
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,
Which it would seem some angel's hand
With heaven's own pencil tinged and spann'd,
Pure symbol of a better land,
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free
The eloquence of ecstasy;
Though to his words no answer came,
Save that One, Everlasting Name,
Which, since Creation's morning broke,
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,

Unblenching mid the storm he stood,
And mark'd sublime the wrathful flood,
While wrought the frost-king fierce and drear,
His palace mid those cliffs to rear,
And strike the massy buttress strong,
And pile his sleet the rocks among,
And wasteful deck the branches bare
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lack'd the hermit's humble shed
Such comforts as our natures ask
To fit them for their daily task,—
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,
The simple meal in season spread:
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,
As blazed the hearth-stone clear and bright,
O'er Homer's page he hung,
Or Maro's martial numbers scann'd,
For classic lore of many a land
Flow'd smoothly o'er his tongue.
Oft, with rapt eye and skill profound,
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,
Or touch'd the sweet guitar,
For heavenly music deign'd to dwell
An inmate in his cloister'd cell,
As beams the solemn star

All night, with meditative eyes,
Where some lone rock-bound fountain lies.
As through the groves with quiet tread,
On his accustom'd haunts he sped,
The mother-thrush, unstartled, sung
Her descant to her callow young,
And fearless o'er his threshold prest
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest;
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye,
Nor from his kernel cared to fly
As pass'd that gentle hermit by;
No timid creature shrank to meet
His pensive glance, serenely sweet;
From his own kind, alone, he sought
The screen of solitary thought.
Whether the world too harshly prest
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,
Or taught his morbid youth to prove
The pang of unrequited love,
We know not, for he never said
Aught of the life that erst he led.

On Iris isle, a summer bower
He twined with branch, and vine, and flower,
And there he mused, on rustic seat,
Unconscious of the noonday heat,

Or 'neath the crystal waters lay,
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.
Yet once, the whelming flood grew strong,
And bore him like a weed along,
Though, with convulsive throes of pain
And heaving breast, he strove in vain;
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,
Lone as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,
To where, in narrow gorge compressed,
The whirling eddies never rest,
But boil with wild tumultuous sway,
The maelstrom of Niagara.
And there, within that rocky bound,
In swift gyrations round and round,
Mysterious course it held;
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,
Now battling as with maniac force,
To mortal strife compell'd.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,
It was to see that brow so white,
And mark the ghastly dead
Leap upward from his torture-bed,

As if in passion-gust,
And tossing wild with agony,
To mock the omnipotent decree
Of dust to dust.

At length, where smoother waters flow,
Emerging from the gulf below,
The hapless youth they gain'd, and bore
Sad to his own forsaken door.
There watch'd his dog with straining eye,
And scarce would let the train pass by,
Save that, with instinct's rushing spell,
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,
And stiff and stony form, he knew
The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair, whose graceful wile
So oft had won his musing smile,
As at his foot she held her play,
Stretch'd on his vacant pillow lay.
While strew'd around, on board and chair,
The last pluck'd flower, the book last read,
The ready pen, the page outspread,
The water-cruse, the unbroken bread,
Reveal'd how sudden was the snare
That swept him to the dead.

And so he rests in foreign earth,
Who drew mid Albion's vales his birth;
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind
Condemn that youth of gentle mind,
Of shrinking nerve and lonely heart,
And letter'd lore and tuneful art,
Who here his humble worship paid,
In that most glorious temple-shrine,
Where to the Majesty divine
Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power
Who in the dear, domestic bower,
Hath given you firmer strength to rear
The plants of love with toil and fear,
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,
And like a faithful soldier bear.
Still with sad heart his requiem pour,
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,
Nor grudge one tear of pitying gloom
To dew that sad enthusiast's tomb.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on a baby's grave
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph sings:
Wouldst thou call the bless'd one back?"

SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky.

Thither I went,
And bade my spirit taste that lonely fount
For which it long had thirsted mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness. But the violet's eye
Look'd up to greet me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek.
There were glad voices too. The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. E'en busy life
Woke in that dell. The dexterous spider threw
From spray to spray the silver-tissued snare.
The thrifty ant, whose curving pincers pierced

The rifled grain, toil'd toward her citadel.
To her sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
While from her wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be alone and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love! It might not be!—
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joy, and shuts out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself in this wide world
Without a witness. E'en the desert place
Speaketh thy name. The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden drest,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

THOU dost not dream, my little one,
How great the change must be,
These two years, since the morning sun
First shed his beams on thee.
Thy little hands did helpless fall,
As with a stranger's fear,
And a faint wailing cry was all
That met thy mother's ear.

But now the dictates of thy will
Thine active feet obey,
And, pleased, thy busy fingers still
Among thy playthings stray;
And thy full eyes delighted rove
The pictured page along,
And, lisping to the heart of love,
Thy thousand wishes throng.

Fair boy ! the wanderings of thy way
It is not mine to trace,
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race :
What discipline thy heart may need,
What clouds may veil thy sun,
The eye of God alone can read—
And let his will be done.

Yet might a mother's prayer of love
Thy destiny control ;
Those boasted gifts that often prove
The ruin of the soul,
Beauty and fortune, wit and fame,
For thee it would not crave,
But tearful urge a fervent claim
To joys beyond the grave.

O ! be thy wealth an upright heart,
Thy strength the sufferer's stay,
Thine early choice that better part
Which cannot fade away ;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre
When earthly changes cease.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

Who's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
Mid the crags of Utledale?
He heeds not cold nor storm nor blast;
But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl from his eyelash long
Stern winter's hand hath hung;
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,
Though his brow is smooth and young.

Round his marble forehead, in clusters bright,
Is wreathed his golden hair;
His robe is of linen, long and white,
Though a mantle of fur scarce could 'bide the blight
Of his keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold!

For the tempest awakes in wrath;
And thy stony eye is fix'd and cold
As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar;
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,
On slippery summits sheen;
But ever and aye his head he bends
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer to the God who guides
Thy course o'er such pavement frail?
Or nod in thy dream on the steep, where glides
The curdling brook with its slippery tides,
Thou horseman so young and pale?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,
Toward Lyster Church he hies,
Whose holy spire mid the glaciers gleams,
Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay, thou ghostly traveller—stay;
Why haste in such mad career?
Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on! like the winged blast he wends,
Where moulder the bones of the dead—
Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends,
With thy courser's tramping tread?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink
Mid the swollen snow was grooved,
He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink,
But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,
They lifted the horseman pale,
And laid him low in that drear retreat,
And pour'd, in dirge-like measure sweet,
The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth, whose bosom with pride had glow'd
In a life of toil severe—
Didst thou scorn to pass to thy last abode
In the ease of the slothful bier?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,
In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,
By the load of thy lifeless limbs be prest,
On a journey so strange as this?

Yet still to the depth of yon rock-barr'd dell,
Where no ray from heaven hath glow'd,
Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,
The trembling child doth point and tell
How that fearful horseman rode.

TO A SHRED OF LINEN.

WOULD they swept cleaner !

Here's a littering shred

Of linen left behind—a vile reproach
To all good housewifery. Right glad am I
That no neat lady, train'd in ancient times
Of pudding-making, and of sampler-work,
And speckless sanctity of household care,
Hath happen'd here to spy thee. She, no doubt,
Keen looking through her spectacles, would say,
“ *This comes of reading books.*” Or some spruce beau,
Essenced and lily-handed, had he chanced
To scan thy slight superficies, 'twould be,
“ *This comes of writing poetry.*”—Well, well,
Come forth, offender !—hast thou aught to say ?
Canst thou, by merry thought or quaint conceit,
Repay this risk that I have run for thee ?
—Begin at alpha, and resolve thyself
Into thine elements. I see the stalk
And bright blue flower of flax, which erst o'erspread

That fertile land, where mighty Moses stretch'd
His rod miraculous. I see thy bloom
Tinging, too scanty, these New England vales.
But, lo! the sturdy farmer lifts his flail
To crush thy bones unpitying, and his wife,
With kerchief'd head and eye brimfull of dust,
Thy fibrous nerves with hatchel-tooth divides.
——I hear a voice of music—and behold!
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.
Perchance, his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure!)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make; and how his dairy shelves
Shall groan beneath the weight of golden cheese,
Made by her dexterous hand, while many a kég
And pot of butter to the market borne,
May, transmigrated, on his back appear
In new thanksgiving coats.

Fain would I ask,
Mine own New England, for thy once loved wheel,
By sofa and piano quite displaced.
Why dost thou banish from thy parlour hearth
That old Hygeian harp, whose magic ruled

Dyspepsia, as the minstrel-shepherd's skill
Exorcised Saul's ennui? There was no need,
In those good times of callisthenics, sure ;
And there was less of gadding, and far more
Of home-born, heart-felt comfort, rooted strong
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit
As wealth might never purchase.

But come back,
Thou shred of linen. I did let thee drop
In my harangue, as wiser ones have lost
The thread of their discourse. What was thy lot
When the rough battery of the loom had stretch'd
And knit thy sinews, and the chemist sun
Thy brown complexion bleach'd?

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy that marks thee out
A defunct pillow-case. Did the trim guest,
To the best chamber usher'd, e'er admire
The snowy whiteness of thy freshen'd youth,
Feeding thy vanity? or some sweet babe
Pour its pure dream of innocence on thee?
Say, hast thou listen'd to the sick one's moan,
When there was none to comfort?—or shrunk back
From the dire tossings of the proud man's brow?
Or gather'd from young beauty's restless sigh
A tale of untold love?

Still close and mute!—

Wilt tell no secrets, ha?—Well then, go down,
With all thy churl-kept hoard of curious lore,
In majesty and mystery, go down
Into the paper-mill, and from its jaws,
Stainless and smooth, emerge. Happy shall be
The renovation, if on thy fair page
Wisdom and truth their hallow'd lineaments
Trace for posterity. So shall thine end
Be better than thy birth, and worthier bard
Thine apotheosis immortalize.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,
 Behind its elm-tree's screen,
With simple attic cornice crown'd,
 All graceful and serene!
Most sweet, yet sad, it is
 Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
 The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year
 Its varied chart unroll'd,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
 And call'd the joys of old;
I call'd them, and they came
 When vernal buds appear'd,
Or where the vine-clad summer bower
 Its temple-roof uprear'd;

Or where the o'erarching grove
Spread forth its copses green,
While eyebright and asclepias rear'd
Their untrain'd stalks between,
And the squirrel from the boughs
His broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds
Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin breathe
His greeting wild and clear;
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming-bird's unresting wing
Send forth a whirring sound;

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire
Fast by its snowy sister's side;
Or where, with wing of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep,
What mother in yon nursery fair
Shall rock her babes to sleep:
Yet blessings on the hallow'd spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger-babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,
And every parent bird
That here, among the woven boughs,
Above its young hath stirr'd.
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your glorious spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of fitful mood,
I thank thee, murmuring stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due
To moss-cup and to clover-leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
 Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaf'd lily of the vale,
 And the meek forget-me-not,
To every daisy's dappled brow,
 To every violet blue,
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year
 Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,
 High praise, in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand hath given,
 And what it takes away:
And to some other loving heart
 May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden-home
 That it hath been to me.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

"Let me be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."—2 SAM. xix. 37.

SON of Jesse ! let me go,
Why should princely honours stay me ?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die ;
Where my parents' ashes lie,
King of Israel ! bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Who righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appear'd
Majestic as a God :
Oh ! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,

Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah ! Lord of Hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death ;
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath ;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still one sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace—the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things ;
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherish'd deep in passion's hour,

Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side, make ye my sepulchre.

GOSSIP WITH A BOUQUET.

SPEAK, speak, sweet guests.

Yes, ope your lips in words,
'Tis my delight to talk with you, and fain
I'd have an answer. I've been long convinced
You understand me, though you do not choose
To wear your bright thoughts on your finger-tips,
For all to sport with.

Lily of the vale,
And you, meek Violet, with your eyes of blue,
I call on you the first, for well I know
How prone the village maiden is to hide
Her clear good sense among the city folks,
Unless well urged, and fortified to speak.

O purple Pansy ! friend of earliest years,
You're always welcome. Hath no grandame told
You of your ancestors, who flourish'd fair
Upon the margin of my native Thames ?

'Twas not the fond garrulity of age,
That made her laud the past, without respect
To verity ; for I remember well
How beautiful they were, and with what pride
I used to pluck them, when my school was o'er,
And love to place them, rich with breathing sweets,
Between my Bible leaves, and find them there
Month after month, pressing their bosoms close
To some undying hope.

Bright Hyacinth,

I'm glad you've brought your little ones. How snug
You wrap them in their hoods. But still I see
Their merry eyes and their plump cheeks peep out.
Ah ! here's the baby, in its blanket too.
You're a good mother, sure. Don't be in haste
To take their mantles off; the morn is chill;
I'd rather see them one by one come forth,
Just when they please. A charming family !
And very happy you must doubtless be
In their sweet promise and your matron care.

Gay, graceful Tulip, did you learn in France
Your taste for dress ? and how to hold your head
So elegantly ? In the gale yestreen,
That o'er the parterre swept with sudden force,
I thought I saw you waltzing. Have a care,

And do not look disdainfully on those
You call plebeian flowers, because, you know,
We live in a republic, where the strength
Comes from beneath, and many a change occurs
To lop the haughty and to lift the low.

Good neighbour Cowslip, I have seen the bee
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays
Quite long and late amid your golden cells.
Is it not business that he comes upon—
Matter-of-fact? He never wastes an hour.
Know you that he's a subtle financier,
And shows some gain for every day he spends?
Oh! learn from him the priceless worth of time,
Thou fair and frail! So shalt thou prove the truth,
That he who makes companion of the wise
Shall in their wisdom share.

Narcissus pale!

Had e'er a governess, who kept you close
Over your needle or your music books?
Not suffering you to sweep a room, or make
A pudding in the kitchen? I'm afraid
She shut you from the air and fervid sun,
To keep you delicate, or let you draw
Your corset-cord too tight. I would you were
As hardy as your cousin Daffodil,

Who to the sharp wind turns her buxom cheek
Unshrinking, like a damsel taught to spin,
And milk the cows,—her nerves by labour strung
To bear its duties and its burdens too.

Lilac of Persia ! tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands. We're fond of travellers.
Have you no legend of some sultan proud,
Or old fire-worshipper ? What ! not one note
Made on your voyage ? Well, 'tis wondrous strange
That you should let so rare a chance slip by,
While those who never journey'd half as far
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse and magnify
What it well knew before.

Most glorious Rose,
You are the queenly belle. On you, all eyes
Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite
Romances from your own sweet history.
They're quite the fashion now; and crowd the page
Of every periodical. Wilt tell
None of your heart-adventures ? Never mind !
We plainly read the zephyr's stolen kiss
In your deep blush ; so where's the use to seal
Your lips so cunningly, when all the world
Call you the flower of love ?

And now good-bye,—

A pleasant gossip have I had with you,
Obliging visitants, but must away
To graver toils. Still keep your incense fresh,
And free to rise to Him who tints your brows,
Bidding the brown mould and unsightly stem
Put forth such blaze of beauty, as translates
To dullest hearts His dialect of love.



THE
LADY OF THE SHROVE
BY
MRS. J. C. B. B. B.
IN TWO VOLUMES.





ERIN'S DAUGHTER.

Poor Erin's daughter cross'd the main
In youth's unfolding prime,
A lot of servitude to bear
In this our western clime.

And when the drear heart-sickness came
Beneath a stranger sky,
Tears on her nightly pillow lay,
But morning saw them dry.

For still with earnest hope she strove
Her distant home to cheer,
And from her parents lift the load
Of poverty severe.

To them with liberal hand she sent
Her all—her hard-earn'd store—
A rapture thrilling through her soul,
She ne'er had felt before.

E'en mid her quiet slumbers gleam'd
A cabin's lighted pane,
A board with simple plenty crown'd,
A loved and loving train.

And so her life of earnest toil
With secret joy was blest,
For the sweet warmth of filial love
Made sunshine in her breast.

But bitter tidings o'er the wave
With fearful echo sped;
Gaunt famine o'er her home had strode,
And all were with the dead !

All gone!—her brothers in their glee,
Her sisters young and fair;
And Erin's daughter bow'd her down
In desolate despair.

THE HOLY DEAD.

"Wherefore I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive."—SOLOMON.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,
No perish'd joys bewail;
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail:
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
No change upon their brow;
Their placid bosom heaves no sigh
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?
From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who share such deep, unbroken rest
Where all things toil? *The dead!*
The holy dead. Why weep ye so
Above yon sable bier?
Thrice blessed! they have done with wo,
The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,
Deck their low couch of clay
With earliest spring's soft breathing flowers;
And when they fade away,
Think of the amaranthine wreath,
The garlands never dim,
And tell me why thou fly'st from death,
Or hid'st thy friends from him.

We dream, but they awake;
Dread visions mar our rest;
Through thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the blest!
For spirits round the Eternal Throne
How vain the tears we shed!
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call *the dead*.

DEW-DROPS.

“FATHER, there are no dew-drops on my rose;
I thought to find them, but they all are gone.
Was night a niggard? Or did envious dawn
Steal those bright diamonds from unawaken'd day?”

The father answer'd not, but pointed where
The sudden falling of a summer shower
Made quiet music mid the quivering leaves,
And through the hollows of the freshen'd turf
Drew lines like silver. Then a bow sprang forth
Spanning the skies.

“See'st thou yon glorious hues,
Violet and gold? The dew-drops glitter there,
That from the bosom of thy rose had fled,
My precious child. Read thou their lesson well,
That what is pure and beautiful on earth
Shall smile in heaven.”

He knew not that he spake

Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,
That loving soul, which on the parent's breast
Had sparkled as a dew-drop, was exhaled,
To mingle mid the brightness of the skies.

POCAHONTAS.

I.

CLIME of the West ! that, slumbering long and deep,
Beneath thy misty mountains' solemn shade,
And, lull'd by melancholy winds that sweep
The unshorn forest and untrodden glade,
Heard not the cry when mighty empires died,
Nor caught one echo from oblivion's tide,
While age on age its stormy voyage made :
See ! Europe, watching from her sea-girt shore,
Extends the sceptred hand, and bids thee dream no more.

II.

Say, was it sweet in cradled rest to lie,
And 'scape the ills that older regions know ?
Prolong the vision'd trance of infancy,
And hide from manhood's toil, mischance and wo ?
Sweet, by the margin of thy sounding streams
Freely to rove, and nurse illusive dreams,
Nor taste the fruits on thorny trees that grow ?

The evil, and the sorrow, and the crime,
That make the harass'd earth grow old before her time?

III.

Clime of the West! that to the hunter's bow,
And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold,
Their cone-roof'd wigwams pierced the wintry snow,
Their tassel'd corn* crept sparsely through the mould,
Their bark canoes thy glorious waters clave,
The chase their glory, and the wild their grave:
Look up! a loftier destiny behold,
For to thy coast the fair-hair'd Saxon steers,
Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bards and seers.

IV.

Behold a sail! another, and another!
Like living things on the broad river's breast;
What were thy secret thoughts, oh red-brow'd brother,
As toward the shore those white-winged wanderers
press'd?
But lo! emerging from her forest zone,

* To those not familiar with the appearance of the Indian corn, on whose cultivation the aborigines of America relied as a principal article of subsistence, it may be well to say that a silky fibre, sometimes compared to a tassel, is protruded from the extremity of the sheath which envelops the golden ear or sheaf of that stately and beautiful vegetable.

The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
With nodding plumes her raven tresses dress'd,
Of queenly step, and form erect and bold,
Yet mute with wondering awe, the New World meets the Old.

V.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and pride,
Which like a sea doth swell old ocean's sway;
With hasting keel, thy pale-faced sponsors glide
To keep the pageant of thy christening day:
They bless thy wave, they bid thee leave unsung
The uncouth baptism of a barbarous tongue,
And take his name—the Stuart's—first to lay
The Scottish thistle on the lion's mane,
Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile and vain.

VI.

Spring robes the vales.* With what a flood of light
She holds her revels in this sunny clime!
The flower-sown turf like bossy velvet bright,
The blossom'd trees exulting in their prime,

* The ships which bore the Virginian colonists—the founders of our nation—entered the Chesapeake April 26, 1607; and on the 13th of May, five months from the time of setting sail from England, which was December 19th, 1606, a permanent embarkation was effected at Jamestown, fifty miles up that noble river, to which the name of James was given, in honour of the reigning monarch.

The leaping streamlets in their joyous play,
The birds that frolic mid the diamond spray,
Or heavenward soar, with minstrelsy sublime :
What wild enchantment spreads a fairy wing,
As from their prisoning ships the enfranchised strangers
spring.

VII.

Their tents are pitch'd, their spades have broke the soil,
The strong oak thunders as it topples down,
Their lily-handed youths essay the toil,*
That from the forest rends its ancient crown.
Where are your splendid halls, which ladies tread,
Your lordly boards with every luxury spread,
Virginian sires—ye men of old renown?
Though few and faint, your ever-living chain
Holds in its grasp two worlds, across the surging main.

VIII.

Yet who can tell what fearful pangs of wo
Those weary-hearted colonists await,
When to its home the parting ship must go,
And leave them in their exile, desolate?

* "The axe frequently blistered their tender fingers, so that many times every third blow had a loud oath to drown its echo."—*Hillard's Life of Captain Smith.*

Ah, who can paint the peril and the pain,
The failing harvest and the famish'd train,
The wily foe with ill-dissembled hate,
The sickness of the heart, the wan despair,
Pining for one fresh draught of its dear native air?

IX.

Still, mid their cares, a hallow'd dome they rear'd,
To nurse devotion's consecrated flame;
And there a wondering world of forests heard,
First borne in solemn chant, Jehovah's name;
First temple to his service, refuge dear
From strong affliction and the alien's tear,
How swell'd the sacred song in glad acclaim:
"England, sweet mother!"* many a fervent prayer
There pour'd its praise to heaven for all thy love and care.

X.

And they who 'neath the vaulted roof had bow'd
Of some proud minster of the olden time,
Or where the vast cathedral towards the cloud
Rear'd its dark pile in symmetry sublime,
While through the storied pane the sunbeam play'd,

* "Lord, bless England, our sweet native country," was the morning and evening prayer in the church at Jamestown, the first church erected in our Western world.

Tinting the pavement with a glorious shade,
Now breathed from humblest fane their ancient chime:
And learn'd they not, His presence sure might dwell
With every seeking soul, though bow'd in lowliest cell?

XI.

Yet not quite unadorn'd, their house of prayer:
The fragrant offspring of the genial morn
They duly brought;* and fondly offer'd there
The bud that trembles ere the rose is born,
The blue clematis and the jasmine pale,
The scarlet woodbine waving in the gale,
The rhododendron, and the snowy thorn,
The rich magnolia, with its foliage fair,
High-priestess of the flowers, whose censer fills the air.

XII.

Might not such incense please thee, Lord of love?
Thou, who with bounteous hand dost deign to show
Some foretaste of thy Paradise above,
To cheer the way-worn pilgrim here below?
Bidd'st thou mid parching sands the floweret meek
Strike its frail root and raise its tinted cheek,

* "At the beginning of each day they assembled in the little church, which was kept neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country."—*Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 141.

And the slight pine defy the arctic snow,
That e'en the skeptic's frozen eye may see
On Nature's beauteous page what lines she writes of Thee?

XIII.

What groups, at Sabbath morn, were hither led!
Dejected men with disappointed frown;
Spoil'd youths,* the parents' darling and their dread,
From castles in the air hurl'd ruthless down;
The sea-bronzed mariner, the warrior brave,
The keen gold-gatherer, grasping as the grave;
Oft, mid these mouldering walls, which nettles crown,
Stern breasts have lock'd their purpose and been still,
And contrite spirits knelt, to learn their Maker's will.

XIV.

Here, in his surplice white, the pastor stood,†
A holy man, of countenance serene,

* "A great part of the new company who came out in 1609," says the historian Stith, "consisted of unruly sparks, packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home. The rest were chiefly made up of poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, footmen, and such others as were fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth than to help to raise and maintain one. 'When you send again,' Captain Smith was constrained to write to the Corporation in London, 'I entreat you, rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers-up of trees' roots, than a thousand of such as we have.'"

† "The morning-star of the church was the Rev. Mr. Hunt, sent out by the London

Who, mid the quaking earth or fiery flood
Unmoved, in truth's own panoply, had been
A fair example of his own pure creed;
Patient of error, pitiful to need,
Persuasive wisdom in his thoughtful mien,
And in that Teacher's heavenly meekness bless'd,
Who laved his followers' feet, with towel-girded vest.

XV.

Music upon the breeze! the savage stays
His flying arrow as the strain goes by;
He starts! he listens! lost in deep amaze,
Breath half-suppress'd, and lightning in his eye
Have the clouds spoken? Do the spirits rise
From his dead fathers' graves, with wildering melodies?
Oft did he muse, 'neath midnight's solemn sky,
On those deep tones, which, rising o'er the sod,
Bore forth, from hill to hill, the white man's hymn to God.

company in 1606, among the leaders of the infant colony. It was he who administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time in Virginia at Jamestown, the first permanent habitation of the English in America, and the site of the first Christian temple. He was a man of a truly humble, meek, and peaceful spirit, and it is impossible now to estimate the value of the beneficial influence he exercised upon the fortunes of the colony. His kind offices as peacemaker were frequently interposed to harmonize differences which would have been fatal to the enterprise; and his example of suffering affliction, and of patience in sickness, in poverty, in peril, cheered his drooping companions, inspiring them with such fortitude, and stimulating them to such efforts, as, with the blessing of Providence, enabled them to maintain their difficult positions."—*Rev. Philip Slaughter.*

XVI.

News of the strangers stirr'd Powhatan's dreams,
The mighty monarch of the tribes that roam
A thousand forests,* and on countless streams
Urge the swift bark and dare the cataract's foam ;
The haughtiest chieftains in his presence stood
Tame as a child, and from the field of blood
His war-cry thrill'd with fear the foeman's home :
His nod was death, his frown was fix'd as fate,
Unchangeable his love, invincible his hate.

XVII.

A forest-child, amid the flowers at play!†
Her raven locks in strange profusion flowing ;
A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing ;
Yet, whether in her gladsome frolic leaping,
Or 'neath the greenwood shade unconscious sleeping,
Or with light oar her fairy pinnace rowing,

* Powhatan, the king of the country where the founders of Virginia first chose their residence, was said to hold dominion over thirty nations or tribes who inhabited that region; and being possessed both of arbitrary power and much native talent, his enmity was dreaded, and pains taken by the colonists to conciliate his friendship.

† "Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a girl of ten or twelve years of age, who, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country."—*Captain John Smith.*

Still, like the eaglet on its new-fledged wing,
Her spirit-glance bespoke the daughter of a king.

XVIII.

But he, that wily monarch, stern and old,
Mid his grim chiefs, with barbarous trappings bright,
That morn a court of savage state did hold.
The sentenced captive see,—his brow how white!
Stretch'd on the turf his manly form lies low,
The war-club poises for its fatal blow,
The death-mist swims before his darken'd sight:
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,
Her head on his reclines, her arms his neck enfold.

XIX.

“The child! what madness fires her? Hence! Depart!
Fly, daughter, fly! before the death-stroke rings:
Divide her, warriors, from that English heart.”
In vain! for with convulsive grasp she clings:
She claims a pardon from her frowning sire;
Her pleading tones subdue his gather'd ire;*
And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,

* “Live! live!” said the softened monarch, “and make hatchets for me, and necklaces for Pocahontas.”

That doting father gave the child her will,
And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

XX.

Know'st thou what thou hast done, thou dark-hair'd child?
What great events on thy compassion hung?
What prowess lurks beneath yon aspect mild,
And in the accents of that foreign tongue?
As little knew the princess who descried
A floating speck on Egypt's turbid tide,
A bulrush-ark the matted reeds among,
And, yielding to an infant's tearful smile,
Drew forth Jehovah's seer from the devouring Nile.

XXI.

In many a clime, in many a battle tried
By Turkish sabre and by Moorish spear;
Mid Afric's sands, or Russian forests wide,
Romantic, bold, chivalrous, and sincere,
Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of purpose pure,
Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure,
Was he* whom thou hast rescued with a tear:

* The extraordinary features in the character of Captain John Smith, and the strange incidents which made almost the whole of his life a romance, are exhibited by many historians. Hillard, in his biography of him, says, "We see him performing at the same time

Thou wert the saviour of the Saxon vine,
And for this deed alone, our praise and love are thine.

XXII.

Not yet for this alone, shall history's scroll
 Embalm thine image with a grateful tear ;
For when the grasp of famine tried the soul,
 When strength decay'd, and dark despair was near,
Who led her train of playmates, day by day,
O'er rock, and stream, and wild, a weary way,
 Their baskets teeming with the golden ear ?*
Whose generous hand vouchsafed its tireless aid
To guard a nation's germ ? Thine, thine, heroic maid !

XXIII.

On sped the tardy seasons, and the hate
 Of the pale strangers wrung the Indian breast.

the offices of a provident governor, a valiant soldier, an industrious labourer, capable alike of commanding and of executing. He seemed to court the dangers from which other men shrank, or which they encountered only from a sense of duty. As the storm darkens around him, his spirit grows more bright and serene. That which appals and disheartens others only animates him. He had a soul of fire, encased in a frame of adamant. Thus was he enabled to endure and accomplish all the promptings of his adventurous spirit." "He was the father of Virginia," says Bancroft in his history, "the true leader who first planted the Saxon vine in the United States."

* When the colony was in danger of utter extinction from the want of food, her zeal and benevolence never slumbered. Accompanied by her companions, the child Pocahontas came every few days to the fort with baskets of corn for the starving garrison. Smith, in his letter to Queen Anne, writes, "She, next under God, was the instrument to preserve

Their hoary prophet breathed the ban of fate:

“Hence with the thunderers! Hide their race, un-
bless’d,

Deep ’neath the soil they falsely call their own;

For from our fathers’ graves a hollow moan,

Like the lash’d surge, bereaves my soul of rest.

‘They come! they come!’ it cries. ‘Ye once were brave:
Will ye resign the world that the Great Spirit gave?’”

XXIV.

Yet ’neath the settled countenance of guile

They veil’d their vengeful purpose, dark and dire,
And wore the semblance of a quiet smile,

To lull the victim of their deadly ire:

But ye, who hold of history’s scroll the pen,

Blame not too much those erring, red-brow’d men,

Though nursed in wiles. Fear is the white-lipp’d sire
Of subterfuge and treachery. ’Twere in vain

To bid the soul be true, that writhes beneath his chain.

XXV.

Night, moonless night! The forest hath no sound

But the low shiver of its dripping leaves,

this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which, if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival unto this day.”

Save here and there, amid its depths profound,
The sullen sigh the prowling panther heaves;
Save the fierce growling of the cubless bear,
Or tramp of gaunt wolf rushing from his lair,
Where its slow coil the poisonous serpent weaves:
Who dares the dangerous path at hour so wild,
With fleet and fawnlike step? Powhatan's fearless child!

XXVI.

"Up, up—away! I heard the words of power,
Those secret vows that seal a nation's doom,
Bid the red flame burst forth at midnight hour,
And make the unconscious slumberer's bed his tomb;
Spare not the babe—the rose-leaf of a day—
But shred the sapling, like the oak, away.
I heard the curse! My soul is sick with gloom:
Wake, chieftains, wake! avert the hour of dread!"
And with that warning voice the guardian-angel fled.*

XXVII.

On sped the seasons, and the forest-child
Was rounded to the symmetry of youth;

* "Notwithstanding, the eternal, all-seeing God did prevent the plot of Powhatan, and by a strange means. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewel and daughter, came through the irksome woods in that dark night, and told us that great cheer might be sent us by-and-by, but that the king, and all the power he could make, would afterward come and kill us all.

While o'er her features stole, serenely mild,
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,
Her modesty and simpleness and grace:
Yet those who deeper scan the human face,
Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,
Might clearly read, upon its heaven-writ scroll,
That high and firm resolve which nerved the Roman soul.

XXVIII.

The simple sports that charm'd her childhood's way,
Her greenwood gambols mid the matted vines,
The curious glance of wild and searching ray,
Where innocence with ignorance combines,
Were changed for deeper thought's persuasive air,
Or that high port a princess well might wear.
So fades the doubtful star when morning shines;
So melts the young dawn at the enkindling ray,
And on the crimson cloud casts off its mantle gray.

XXIX.

On sped the tardy seasons. Need I say
What still the indignant lyre declines to tell?

Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in we would have given her; but, with tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have them; for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead. And so she ran away by herself, as she came."—*Captain Smith*.

How, by rude hands, the maiden, borne away,
Was forced amid the invaders' homes to dwell?
Yet no harsh bonds the guiltless prisoner wore,
No sharp constraint her gentle spirit bore,
Held as a hostage in the stranger's cell;*
So, to her wayward fate submissive still,
She meekly bow'd her heart to learn a Saviour's will.

XXX.

And holy was the voice that taught her ear
How for our sins the Lord of life was slain;
While o'er the listener's bosom flow'd the tear
Of wondering gratitude, like spring-tide rain.
New joys burst forth, and high resolves were born
To choose the narrow path that worldlings scorn,
And walk therein. Oh, happy who shall gain
From the brief cloud that in his path may lie
A heritage sublime, a mansion in the sky.

XXXI.

In graceful youth, within the house of prayer,
Who by the sacred font so humbly kneels,

* The object of the capture and detention of the princess seems to have been to bring her father to such terms as the colonists desired, or to extort from him a large ransom; both of which designs were frustrated.

And with a tremulous yet earnest air,
The deathless vow of Christian fealty seals?
The Triune Name is breathed with hallow'd power,
The dew baptismal bathes the forest-flower,
And, lo! her chasten'd smile that hope reveals
Which nerved the weary dove o'er floods unblest'd,
The olive-leaf to pluck, and gain the ark of rest.

XXXII.

Pour forth your incense; fragrant shrubs and flowers,
Wave your fresh leaflets, and with beauty glow;
And wake the anthem in your choral bowers,
Birds, whose warm hearts with living praise o'erflow;
For she who loved your ever-varied dyes,
Mingling her sweet tones with your symphonies,
Seeks higher bliss than charms like yours bestow—
A home unchangeable—an angel's wing—
Where is no fading flower, nor lute with jarring string.

XXXIII.

Another change. The captive's lot grew fair:
A soft illusion with her reveries blent,
New charms dispell'd her solitary care,
And hope's fresh dew-drops gleam'd where'er she
went;

Earth seem'd to glow with Eden's purple light,
The fleeting days glanced by on pinions bright,
For every hour a rainbow lustre lent;
While, with his tones of music in her ear,
Love's eloquence inspired the graceful cavalier.

XXXIV.

Yet love to her pure breast was but a name
For kindling knowledge, and for taste refined;
A guiding lamp, whose bright, mysterious flame
Led on to loftier heights the aspiring mind.
Hence flow'd the idiom of a foreign tongue
All smoothly o'er her lip; old history flung
Its annal wide, like banner on the wind,
And o'er the storied page, with rapture wild,
A new existence dawn'd on nature's fervent child.

XXXV.

A throng is gathering; for the hallow'd dome
At evening-tide is rich with sparkling light,
And from its verdant bound each rural home
Sends forth its blossom'd gifts, profusely bright;
While here and there, amid the clustering flowers,
Some stately chief or painted warrior towers,
Hail'd as a brother mid the festal rite:

Peace waves her garland o'er the favour'd place
Where weds the new-born West with Europe's lordly race.*

XXXVI.

A group before the altar. Breathe thy vow,
Loving and stainless one, without a fear;
For he who wins thee to his bosom now,
Gem of the wild, unparalleled and dear,
Will guard thee ever, as his treasure rare,
With changeless tenderness and constant care;
How speaks his noble brow a soul sincere,
While the old white-hair'd king, with eye of pride,
Gives to his ardent hand the timid, trusting bride.

XXXVII.

Not with more heartfelt joy the warlike bands
Of Albion, spent with long disastrous fray,
Beheld young Tudor cleanse his blood-stain'd hands,
And lead the blooming heir of York away,
'Neath the sweet music of the marriage bells.
Then on those tented hills and ravaged dells
The War of Roses died: no more the ray

* The marriage of Mr. Rolfe with Pocahontas took place in the church at Jamestown in the month of April, 1613, and gave great delight to Powhatan and his chieftains, who were present at the ceremony, and also to the English, and proved a bond of peace and amity between them as lasting as the life of the Indian king.

Of white or red, the fires of hate illumed,
But from their blended roots the rose of Sharon bloom'd.*

XXXVIII.

Young wife, how beautiful the months swept by.
Within thy bower methinks I view thee still:
The meek observance of thy lifted eye
Bent on thy lord, and prompt to do his will;
The care for him, the happiness to see
His soul's full confidence repose in thee,
The sacrifice of self, the ready skill
In duty's path, the love without alloy,
These gave each circling year a brighter crown of joy.

XXXIX.

Out on the waters! On the deep, deep sea!
Out, out upon the waters! Surging foam,
Swell'd by the winds, rolls round her wild and free,
And memory wanders to her distant home,
To fragrant gales, the blossom'd boughs that stir,

* The rose striped with white and red, sometimes called the rose of Sharon, has been said in some ancient legend, to have been first seen in England after the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., when the civil war which had so long raged with bitterness was terminated, and the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York ceased to be the unnatural symbols of bloodshed.

To the sad sire who fondly dreams of her ;
But kindling smiles recall the thoughts that roam,
For at her side a bright-hair'd nursling plays,
While bends her bosom's lord with fond, delighted gaze.

XL.

And this is woman's world. It matters not
Though in the trackless wilderness she dwell,
Or on the cliff where hangs the Switzer's cot,
Or in the subterranean Greenland cell :
Her world is in the heart. Rude storms may rise,
And dark eclipse involve ambition's skies,
But dear affection's flame burns pure and well,
And therefore 'tis, with such a placid eye,
She soothes her loved ones' pangs, or lays her down to die.

XLI.

Lo ! Albion's cliffs, in glorious light that shine,
Welcome the princess of the infant West.
'Twas nobly done, thou queen of Stuart's line,*
To soothe the tremors of that stranger's breast ;

* On the 12th of June, 1616, Mr. Rolfe, with his Indian wife, who, after her baptism, was known by the name of the Lady Rebecca, arrived in England. Her merits had preceded her, and secured for her the attentions and hospitality of persons of rank and influence. The queen of James I., the reigning monarch, treated her with affability and respect. "It pleased both the king's and queen's majesties," writes Captain Smith,

And when, upon thy ladies richly dight,
She, through a flood of ebon tresses bright,
Uplifts the glances of a timid guest,
What sees she there? The greeting smiles that brought
O'er her own lofty brow its native hues of thought.

XLII.

But what delighted awe her accents breathed,
The gorgeous domes of ancient days to trace,
The castellated towers, with ivy wreathed,
The proud mementoes of a buried race;
Or 'neath some mighty minster's solemn pile,
Dim arch, and fretted roof, and long-drawn aisle,
How rush'd the heart's blood wildly to her face,
When, from the living organ's thunder-chime,
The full Te Deum burst in melody sublime.

XLIII.

Yet, mid the magic of those regal walls,
The glittering train, the courtier's flattering tone,
Or by her lord, through fair ancestral halls,
Led on, to claim their treasures as her own,

"honourably to esteem her, accompanied with that honourable lady, the Lady Delaware, and that honourable lord her husband, and divers other persons of good quality, both publicly and at the masks and concerts, to her great satisfaction and content."

Stole back the scenery of her solitude :
An aged father, in his cabin rude,
Mix'd with her dreams a melancholy moan,
Notching his simple calendar,* with pain,
And straining his red eye to watch the misty main.

XLIV.

Prayer, prayer for him ! when the young dawn arose
With its gray banner, or red day declined,
Up went his name, for ever blent with those
Most close and strong around her soul entwined,
Husband and child ; and, as the time drew near
To fold him to her heart with filial tear,
For her first home her warm affections pined.
That time—it came not ! for a viewless hand
Was stretch'd to bar her foot from her green childhood's land.

XLV.

Sweet sounds of falling waters, cool and clear,
The crystal streams, her playmates, far away,

* The mode of computation by cutting notches upon a stick prevailed among many of our aboriginal tribes. One of the council of Powhatan, who accompanied Pocahontas, was directed in this manner to mark the number of the people he might meet. He obtained a very long cane on his landing, and commenced the task. But he soon became weary of this manner of taking the census, and, on his return home, said to his king, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, the sands on the seashore, but not the people of England."

Oft, oft their dulcet music mock'd her ear,
As, restless, on her fever'd couch she lay;
Strange visions hover'd round, and harpings high,
From spirit-bands, and then her lustrous eye
Welcomed the call; but earth resumed its sway,
And all its sacred ties convulsive twined.
How hard to spread the wing, and leave the loved behind!

XLVI.

Sunset in England at the autumn prime!
Through foliage rare, what floods of light were sent!
The full and whitening harvest knew its time,
And to the sickle of the reaper bent;
Forth rode the winged seeds upon the gale,
New homes to find; but she, with lip so pale,
Who on the arm of her beloved leant,
Breathed words of tenderness, with smile serene,
Though faint and full of toil, the gasp and groan between.

XLVII.

"Oh, dearest friend, Death cometh! He is here,
Here at my heart! Air! air! that I may speak
My hoarded love, my gratitude sincere,
To thee and to thy people. But I seek
In vain. Though most unworthy, yet I hear

A call, a voice too bless'd for mortal ear ;"
And with a marble coldness on her cheek,
And one long moan, like breaking harp-string sweet,
She bare the unspoken lore to her Redeemer's feet.

XLVIII.

Gone? *Gone?* Alas! the burst of wild despair
That rent his bosom who had loved so well;
He had not yet put forth his strength to bear,
So suddenly and sore the death-shaft fell.
Man hath a godlike might in danger's hour,
In the red battle, or the tempest's power;
Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell.
Ah, who can mark with cold and tearless eyes
The grief of stricken man when his sole idol dies!

XLIX.

And she had fled, in whom his heart's deep joy
Was garner'd up; fled, like the rushing flame,
And left no farewell for her fair young boy.
Lo! in his nurse's arms he careless came,
A noble creature, with his full dark eye
And clustering curls, in nature's majesty;
But, with a sudden shriek, his mother's name

Burst from his lips, and, gazing on the clay,
He stretch'd his eager arms where the cold sleeper lay.

L.

“Oh, mother! mother!” Did that bitter cry
Send a shrill echo through the realm of death?
Look to the trembling fringes of the eye;
List the sharp shudder of returning breath,
The spirit's sob! They lay him on her breast;
One long, long kiss on his bright brow she press'd;
E'en from heaven's gate of bliss she lingereth,
To breathe one blessing o'er his precious head,
And then her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.*

LI.

The dead! the sainted dead! why should we weep
At the last change their settled features take?
At the calm impress of that holy sleep
Which care and sorrow never more shall break?
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,

* Early in the year 1617, while preparing to return to her native land, she was taken sick, and died at the age of twenty-two. She was buried at Gravesend. Her firmness and resignation proved the sincerity of her piety; and, as Bancroft eloquently observes, “She was saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprang, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth.”

And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake ?
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne
Swift as the shadow fleets ? What time have we to mourn ?

LII.

A little time thou found'st, O pagan king,
A little space, to murmur and repine :
Oh, bear a few brief months affliction's sting,
And gaze despondent o'er the billowy brine,
And then to the Great Spirit, dimly traced
Through cloud and tempest, and with fear embraced,
In doubt and mystery, thy breath resign ;
And to thy scorn'd and perish'd people go,
From whose long-trampled dust our flowers and herbage
grow.

LIII.

Like the fallen leaves those forest-tribes have fled ;
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies ;
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies ;
But from the far, far west, where holds, so hoarse,
The lonely Oregon, its rock-strewn course,
While old Pacific's sullen surge replies,

Are heard their exiled murmurings deep and low,
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of wo.

LIV.

I would ye were not, from your fathers' soil,
Track'd like the dun wolf, ever in your breast
The coal of vengeance and the curse of toil;
I would we had not to your mad lip prest
The fiery poison-cup, nor on ye turn'd
The blood-tooth'd ban-dog, foaming, as he burn'd
To tear your flesh; but thrown in kindness blest
The brother's arm around ye, as ye trod,
And led ye, sad of heart, to the meek Lamb of God.

LV.

Forgotten race, farewell! Your haunts we tread,
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore,
Our mountains wear them on their misty head,
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore;
But on the lake your flashing oar is still,
Hush'd is your hunter's cry on dale and hill,
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more;
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest
In unremember'd tombs, unpitied and unblest'd.

LVI.

The council-fires are quench'd, that erst so red
Their midnight volume mid the groves entwined;
King, stately chief, and warrior-host are dead,
Nor remnant nor memorial left behind:
But thou, O forest-princess, true of heart,
When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,
Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined;
Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,
It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

THE LITTLE FOOTSTEP

I SAW a tiny footstep in the snow,
Beside a cottage door.

So slight it was,
And fairy-like, methought it scarce belong'd
To our terrestrial race. With zigzag course,
On the white element it left a trace,
While here and there, the likeness of a hand,
Each baby-finger like a spider's claw
Outspread to clutch, reveal'd some morsel cold,
Snatch'd, and by stealth to the red lip conveyed.
—Didst think 'twas sugar, child? and this round world
All one huge, frosted cake?

Others have made
Mistakes as strange, e'en though their locks were gray.

So musing on I went, until the track
Of that small creature was abruptly stay'd,
While trampling parallel, broad, heavy feet,

In backward lines, their giant impress made,
Quite to the cottage-gate.

Some pirate, sure,
Had captured the poor traveller, in the bud
And blossom of its joyous enterprise,
And, nolens volens, bore it home again.
Moreover, in the note-book of the snow
I read this capture was against its will,
For at the juncture of those differing feet,
Marks of a passion-struggle plainly told
A differing purpose; and I seem'd to hear
The angry shriek of the indignant child
Intent on freedom, and the smother'd wail
With which, at length, it yielded to the force
Of nurse or servant,—and to nursery drear,
Perchance to darken'd closet, for its fault
Was borne appall'd.

So, o'er the race of time,
Young fancy starts, unbridled, unarray'd,
Undisciplined, until stern Reason's grasp
Arrests the fugitive. Anon, the cares,
And toils, and tyrannies of time, dispel
Its frost-work fabrics. So, with pinion'd wing
And fallen crest, it yieldeth to their will,
Bearing "*sub jugum*" on its tattoo'd brow
Like some New Zealand chief.

A lesson strong,
Yet needful, thou hast in thy memory stored
This day, sad infant.

Liberty's excess
Is pruned within thee, and henceforth must know
Curb and restraint, till, like La Plata's steed,
It heed the lasso well.

Thus, may we gain,
We, older scholars in life's school austere,
From all its discipline a will subdued,
And, when its hour-glass closes, find at last
A Father's house, like thee.

SCOTLAND'S FAMINE.

THERE'S weeping mid the lonely sea
Where the rude Hebrids lie,
And where the misty Highlands point
Their foreheads to the sky.

The oats were blighted on the stalk,
The corn before its bloom,
And many a hand that held the plough
Is pulseless in the tomb.

There is no playing in the streets,
The haggard children move
Like mournful phantoms, mute and slow,
Uncheer'd by hope or love.

No dog upon his master fawns,
No sheep the hillocks throng,
Not e'en the playmate kitten sports .
The sad-eyed babes among.

No more the cock his clarion sounds,
Nor brooding wing is spread;
There is no food in barn or stall,
The household birds are dead.

From the young maiden's hollow cheek
The ruddy blush is gone,
The peasant like a statue stands,
And hardens into stone.

The shuttle sleepeth in the loom,
The crook upon the walls,
And from the languid mother's hand
The long-used distaff falls.

She hears her children ask for bread,
And what can she bestow?
She sees their uncomplaining sire
A mournful shadow grow.

Oh Scotia! Sister! if thy woes
Awake no pitying care,
If long at banquet-board we sit
Nor heed thy deep despair,—

While thou art pining unto death,
Amid thy heather brown,
Wilt not the Giver of our joys
Upon our luxuries frown?

And blast the blossom of our pride,
And ban the rusted gold,
And turn the morsel into gall
That we from thee withhold?

THE PASSING BELL.

In ancient times, the passing bell was tolled when a fellow-being approached death, that Christians might unite in supplication for a peaceful passage to the departing soul. This usage was probably abolished about the time of the Reformation, lest it might tend to fortify the Romish custom of praying for the dead.

OH, solemn passing-bell !
What said thy measured knell
In ancient time,
When, breaking folly's song,
It warn'd a listening throng
With mournful chime ?

Slowly o'er rock and dell,
Thus thy deep accents fell,
Thus spake the toll :
"One of thine own frail race
Gaspeth in death's embrace—
Pray for his soul.

“The strong man’s arm is weak;
See from pale brow and cheek
Cold dew-drops roll;
How can he break away
From those who need his stay?
Pray for his soul.

“Hark to a wailing sound!
A household gather round
With grief and dole;
The mother struggleth sore,
She heeds her babe no more—
Pray for her soul.

“To beauty’s shaded room,
The spoiler’s step of gloom
Hath darkly stole;
Her lips are ghastly white,
A film is o’er her sight—
Pray for her soul.”

Oh, bell that slowly toll’d!
Were these thy words of old,
Bidding men bow
In prayer for those who bear
The pang they soon must share?
What say’st thou now?

“One from his dear abode
Travelleth the church-yard road,
To his last bed;
The widow next the bier
Walketh, with blinding tear—
Toll for the dead.

“The pauper layeth down
Gaunt penury’s galling crown
Of scorn and dread;
Great as a king he goes
Unto his long repose—
Toll for the dead.

“From crib and cradle fair,
From love’s unresting care,
A child hath fled;
Let snow-drops lift their eye
Where the shorn bud must lie—
Toll for the dead.

“Low ’neath the coffin-lid
An aged one hath hid
His hoary head;
On staff, at sunny door,
Ye’ll see him lean no more—
Toll for the dead.”

Oh, holy passing bell !
Mingling thy solemn knell
Thus with our tears ;
While, like the shuttle's flight,
Like the short summer-night,
Fleet our brief years ;

Prompt us His will to do,
Bid us His favour sue,
Warn us His wrath to rue,
Unto whose eye,
Unto whose bar of dread,
Judge of the quick and dead,
Every hour's silent tread
Bringeth us nigh.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN axe rang sharply mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil.

“Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream.”

“Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees

My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing'd paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Still made me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then,
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm

Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois
Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake—

“Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
’Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home.”

“No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal’d. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion.”

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth’d
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That wheresoe’er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd;
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark; familiar doors
Flew open; greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp; he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning, roved
Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL AT A FESTIVAL.

SHE sate beneath the leafy shade

Where young birds chirp'd in leafy cell,
Where wild flowers deck'd the mossy glade,
And tuneful waters murmuring fell.

And smile and song and mirth were there,
While youth and joy fresh garlands wove,
And white-robed forms, with tresses fair,
Were gliding through the enchanted grove.

But there she sat with drooping head,
By stern misfortune darkly bound,
By holy light unvisited,
And silent mid a world of sound.

Chain'd down to solitary gloom,
No sense of quick delight was there,
Save when the blossom's rich perfume
Came floating on the scented air.

She rose, and sadly sought her home
Where with the voiceless train she dwelt,
'Neath charity's majestic dome,
For bounteous hearts her sorrows felt.

But while her mute companions share
Those joys that ne'er await the blind,
A moral night of deep despair
Descending shrouds her lonely mind.

For not to her, Creation lends
Or blush of morn or beaming moon,
Nor pitying Knowledge makes amends
For step-dame Nature's stinted boon.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,
Or in its bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

No ! still with unambitious mind
The needle's patient task to ply,
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye ;

With order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where autumn's bounty flows;

With touch so exquisitely true
That vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognise with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh;

Her hand mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living gems she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery;

As if, at length, relenting skies,
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze,
Where Nature in her curtain'd shrine
The strange and new-born thought surveys?

Where quick Perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal,
And wild ideas throng the mind,
That palsied speech must ne'er reveal;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And, leaping o'er her barrier cold,
Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall with magician's wand
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections slumber fond
Like germs unwaked mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll,
The mystic characters may see,
Save He who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
 Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home,
 Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes,—uninterpreted and drear,
 Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
 And grope for truth thou mayst not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,
 Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart;
Nor that blest Book which guides above,
 Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou who didst on Calvary die,
 Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou who didst rend of *Death* the tie,
 Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, oh Spirit pure! whose rest
 Is with the lowly contrite train,
Illumine the temple of her breast,
 And cleanse of latent ill the stain;

That she, whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell?
When from the ear its seal shall part,
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport thrills the heart;

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar
Of everlasting praise sublime:

When those veil'd orbs, which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan, of Deity, the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

NO GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—PSALM xiv.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

"No God!" astonish'd Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar;
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name;
High swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade;
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"*No God!*" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirr'd,
And the pale moon turns paler still
At such an impious word!
And, from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.

THE MOURNING DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavement roll'd, and a slight form,
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood,
Reach'd the paternal threshold. Wrathful night
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.
She stood and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
Dried those damp tresses, and with warm caress
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
Was with the cold, dull earth-worm.

Gray and sad,
The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,
The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds
Of her slain brothers for the battle-field,
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain
Where her sick father pined.

Oft had he yearn'd
For her sweet presence; oft, in midnight's watch,
Mused of his dear one's smile, till dreams restored
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip

Breathing his woes away. While distant far,
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still.
In the heart's casket, his approving word
And the pure music of the welcome home,
Rich payment of her labours.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings
Of filial love she hasted. 'Twas too late;
The lamp of life still burn'd, yet 'twas too late.
The mind had pass'd away, and who could call
Its wing from out the sky?

For the embrace
Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
Of a fix'd vacant eye. Disease had dealt
A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
The passive hand was grasp'd, and the wide halls
Re-echo'd "*Father! father!*"

Through the shades
Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent;
Bathing with tireless hand the unmoved brow,
And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair morn
Came with its rose-tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray
Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace

Of waken'd intellect. 'Twas seeming all,
And hope's fond vision faded, as the day
Rode on in glory.

Eve her curtain drew
And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
Still unreposing. Restless on his couch
Toss'd the sick man. Cold lethargy had steep'd
Its last dead poppy in his heart's red stream,
And agony was stirring Nature up
To struggle with her foe.

“Father in heaven !
Oh give him sleep !” sigh'd an imploring voice,
And then she ran to hush the measured tick
Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
That, clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd
A boding note. But soon from that lone couch
A hollow groan announced the foe that strikes
But once.

They bore the fainting girl away,
And paler than that ashen corse, her face,
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid,
Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad
To see a young heart breaking, while the old
Sank down to rest.

There was another change.
The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,

And groups came gathering to the gate where stood
The sable hearse. Friends throng'd with heavy hearts,
And curious villagers, intent to scan
The lordly mansion, and cold worldly men,
E'en o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving selfish schemes.

But one was there,
To whom all earth could render nothing back,
Like that pale, changeless brow. Calmly she stood,
As marble statue. Not one trickling tear
Or trembling of the eyelid told she lived,
Or tasted sorrow. The old house-dog came,
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreprieved.

He for his master mourn'd;
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fireside hour
Stretch'd at her father's feet? who round his bed
Of sickness watch'd with wistful, wondering eye
Of earnest sympathy? No, round his neck
Her infant arms had clasp'd, and still he raised
His noble front beside her, proud to guard
The last, loved relic of his master's house.

The deadly calmness of that mourner's brow
Was a deep riddle to the lawless thought

Of babbling gossips. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffer'd not the winds of heaven to touch
The tresses of his darling, and who dream'd,
In the warm passion of his heart's sole love,
She was a mate for angels. Bold they gazed
Upon her tearless cheek, and, murmuring, said,
"How strange that he should be so lightly mourn'd."
Oh woman, oft misconstrued! the pure pearls
Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
For the unpausing and impatient hand
To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
Though the blanch'd lip breath'd out no boisterous plaint
Of common grief.

E'en on to life's decline,
Through all the giddy round of prosperous years,
The birth of new affections, and the charms
That cluster round earth's favourites, there walk'd
Still at her side the image of her sire,
As in that hour, when his cold, glazing eye
Met hers, and knew her not. When her full cup
Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance,
Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
The chasten'd wisdom of attemper'd joy.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the Red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by the names of their giving?"

YE say they all have pass'd away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave
That mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curl'd;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tributes from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have fled away like wither'd leaves
Before the autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Mid all her young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear ! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—*to die, to die.*
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive ! forgive !—thy task doth cease,
Friend ! Lover !—let us part in peace.
If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust;
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
I blame thee not, the strife is done;
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrain'd to hold the breath of God.
—Well hast thou in my service wrought;
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd;
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flow'd;
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done;
Thy feet upon mine errands run—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well.
Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,

Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,
Remember, we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring.
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest;
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear;
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
“No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality.”

WINTER'S FETE.

I WOKE, and every lordling of the grove
Was clad in diamonds, and the lowliest shrub
Did wear its crest of brilliants gallantly.
The swelling hillocks, with their woven vines,
The far-seen forests and the broken hedge,
Yea, every thicket gleam'd in bright array,
As for some gorgeous fete of fairy-land.

Ho! jewel-keeper of the hoary North,
Whence hast thou all these treasures? Why, the mines
Of rich Golconda, since the world was young,
Would fail to furnish such a glorious show.
The queen, who to her coronation comes
With half a realm's exchequer on her head,
Dazzleth the shouting crowd. But all the queens
Who since old Egypt's buried dynasty
Have here and there, amid the mists of time,
Lifted their tiny sceptres—all the throng

Of peeresses, who at some birth-night flaunt,
Might boast no moiety of the gems thy hand
So lavishly hath strewn o'er this old tree,
Fast by my window.

Every noteless thorn,
E'en the coarse sumach and the bramble-bush,
Do sport their diadems, as if, forsooth,
Our plain republic in a single night
Put forth such growth of aristocracy
That no plebeian in the land was left
Uncoroneted. Broider'd frost-work wraps
Yon stunted pear-tree, whose ne'er ripen'd fruit,
Acid and bitter, every truant boy
Blamed with set teeth. Lo! while I speak, its crown
Kindleth in bossy crimson, and a stream
Of Tyrian purple, blent with emerald spark,
Floats round its rugged arms; while here and there
Gleams out a living sapphire, mid a knot
Of trembling rubies, whose exquisite ray
O'erpowers the astonish'd sight.

One arctic queen,
For one ice-palace, rear'd with fearful toil,
And soon dissolving, scrupled not to pay
Her vassal's life; and emperors of old
Have drain'd their coffers for the people's gaze,
Though but a single amphitheatre

Compress'd the crowd. But thou, whose potent wand
Call'd forth such grand enchantment, swift as thought,
And silent as a vision, and canst spread
Its wondrous beauty to each gazing eye,
Nor be the poorer, thou art scorn'd and bann'd
Mid all thy beauty. Summer scanty sheds
A few brief dew-drops for the sun to dry,
And wins loud praise from every piping swain
For the proud feat.

Yet, certes, in these days,
When wealth is so esteem'd that he who boasts
The longest purse is sure the wisest man,
Winter, who thus affords to sprinkle gems,
Mile after mile, on all the landscape round,
And decks his new-made peers in richer robes
Than monarch ever gave, deserves more thanks
Than to be call'd rude churl, and miser old.
—I tell thee he's a friend; and Love, who sits
So quiet in the corner, whispering long
In Beauty's ear, by the bright evening fire,
Shall join my verdict. Yes, the King of storms,
So long decried, hath revenue more rich
Than sparkling diamonds.

Look within thy heart,
When the poor shiver in their snow-wreath'd cell,
Or the sad orphan mourns, and if thou find

An answering pity, and a fervent deed
Done in Christ's name, doubt not to be an heir
Of that true wealth, which Winter hoardeth up
To buy the soul a mansion with the blest.

ANNA BOLEYN.

On seeing the axe with which Anna Boleyn was beheaded, still preserved in the Tower of London.

STERN minister of fate severe,
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
Defying time, dost linger here,
And frown with ruffian visage drear,
Like beacon on destruction's flood,—
Say! when ambition's gorgeous dream
First lured thy victim's heart aside,
Why, like a serpent, didst thou hide,
Mid clustering flowers and robes of pride,
Thy warning gleam?
Hadst thou but once arisen in vision dread,
From glory's fearful cliff her startled step had fled.

Ah! little she reck'd, when St. Edward's crown
So heavily press'd her tresses fair,
That, with sleepless wrath, its thorns of care
Would rankle within her couch of down!

To the tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,
She came as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As the light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And carols blithe and sweet, while Treachery weaves its snare.

Think! what were her pangs as she traced her fate
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which, at midnight hour,
Throng'd o'er her soul, in yon dungeon tower?
Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouch'd the deepening scene:
Gay France, which bade with sunny skies
Her careless childhood's pleasures rise;
Earl Percy's love, his youthful grace;
Her gallant brother's fond embrace;
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where proud heraldic annals deck'd the ancient walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's gloom,
Brief tenant of that living tomb
She stands!—the life-blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part;
But her infant daughter's image fair
In the smile of innocence is there,
It clings to her soul mid its last despair;

And the desolate queen is doom'd to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's wo.

Say! did prophetic light
 Illume her darkening sight,
Painting the future island-queen,
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from blood-stain'd ashes rising,
Wise, energetic, bold, serene?
 Ah no! the scroll of time
 Is seal'd; and hope sublime

Rests but on those far heights which mortals may not climb.

The dying prayer, with trembling fervour, speeds
For that false monarch by whose will she bleeds;
For him, who, listening on that fatal morn,
Hears her death-signal o'er the distant lawn
 From the deep cannon speaking,
Then springs to mirth, and winds his bugle-horn,
 And riots while her blood is reeking:—
For him she prays, in seraph tone,
 “Oh! be his sins forgiven!
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
 To be a saint in heaven.”



The mother and I, we rushed
 From our mirth to reverence as he pass'd.
 And when he rec'd one favoring smile
 I was rejoiced.





RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AGED PASTOR.

I do remember him. His saintly voice,
So duly lifted in the house of God,
Comes, with the far-off wing of infant years,
Like solemn music. Often have we hush'd
The shrillest echo of our holiday,
Turning our mirth to reverence as he pass'd,
And eager to record one favouring smile,
Or word paternal.

At the bed of death
I do remember him; when one, who bore
For me a tender love, did feel that pang
Which makes the features rigid, and the eye
Like a fix'd, glassy orb. Her head was white
With many winters, but her furrow'd brow
To me was beautiful; for she had cheer'd
My lonely childhood with a changeless stream
Of pure benevolence. His earnest tone,
Girding her from the armory of God
To foil the terrors of that shadowy vale

Through which she walk'd, doth linger round me still;
And by that gush of bitter tears, when first
Grief came into my bosom—by that thrill
Of agony, which from the open grave
Rose wildly forth—I do remember him,
The comforter and friend.

When Fancy's smile,
Gilding youth's scenes, and promising to bring
The curtain'd morrow fairer than to-day,
Enkindled wilder gayety than fits
Beings so frail, how oft his funeral prayer
Over some shrouded sleeper made a pause
In folly's song, or warn'd her roving eye
That all man's glory was the flower of grass
Beneath the mower's scythe.

His fourscore years
Sat lightly on him; for his heart was glad,
E'en to its latest pulse, with that fond love,
Home-nurtured and reciprocal, which girds
And garners up, in sorrow and in joy.
—I was not with the weepers when the hearse
Stood all expectant at his pleasant door,
And other voices from his pulpit said
That he was not: but yet the echo'd dirge
Of that sad organ, in its sable robe,
Made melancholy music in my dreams.

—And so, farewell, thou who didst shed the dew
Baptismal on mine infant head, and lead
To the Redeemer's sacred board a guest
Timid and unassured, yet gathering strength
From the blest promise of Jehovah's aid
Unto the early seeker. When again
My native spot unfolds that pictured chart
Unto mine eye, which in my heart I hold,
Rocks, woods, and waters exquisitely blent,
Thy cordial welcome I no more shall hear,
Father and guide; nor can I hope to win
Thy glance from glory's mansion, while I strew
This wild-flower garland on thine honour'd tomb.

FALLS OF THE YANTIC.

HILLS, rocks, and waters! here ye lie,
And o'er ye spreads the same blue sky,
 As when, in early days,
My childish foot your cliffs essay'd,
My wondering eye your depth survey'd,
 Where the vex'd torrent stays.

O'er bolder scenes mine age hath stray'd
By floods that make your light cascade
 Seem as an infant's play;
Yet dearer is it still to me,
Than all their boasted pageantry
 That charms the traveller's way.

For here, enchanted, side by side,
With me would many a playmate glide
 When school-day's task was o'er,
Who deem'd this world, from zone to zone,
Had nought of power or wonder known
 Like thy resounding shore.

Light-hearted group ! I see ye still,
For Memory's pencil, at her will,
Doth tint ye bright and rare ;
Red lips, from whence glad laughter rang,
Elastic limbs that tireless sprang,
And curls of sunny hair.

I will not ask if change or care
Have coldly marr'd those features fair ;
For, by myself, I know
We cannot till life's evening keep
The flowers that on its dewy steep
At earliest dawn did blow.

Yet, lingering round this hallow'd spot,
I call them, though they answer not,
For some have gone their way,
To sleep that sleep which none may break,
Until the resurrection wake
The prisoners from their clay.

But thou, most fair and fitful stream,
First prompter of my musing dream,
Still lovingly dost smile,
And, heedless of the conflict hoarse
With the rude rocks that bar thy course,
My lonely walk beguile.

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Still thou art changed, my favourite scene !
For man hath stolen thy cliffs between,
 And torn thy grassy sod ;
And bade the intrusive mill-wheel dash,
And many a ponderous engine crash,
 Where Nature dream'd of God.

Yet to the spot where first we drew
Our breath, we turn unchanged and true,
 As to a nurse's breast ;
And count it, e'en till hoary age,
The Mecca of our pilgrimage,
 Of all the earth most blest.

And so, thou cataract, strangely wild,
My own loved Yantic's wayward child,
 That still dost foam and start ;
Though slight thou art, I love thee well,
And, pleased, the lay thy praise doth tell,
 Which gushes from the heart.

WIDOW AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hath won
The young bird from its nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She sweetly carol'd day by day.
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And, like a lamb from fountains clear,
She turns confiding to thy fold;
She, round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreath of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when, far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay—
The soul of woman lives in love.
And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart may ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word ! no sound ! But yet a solemn rite
Is consummated in yon festive hall.
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
That oath, which, unabsolved, must stand till death,
With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.
No word ! no sound ! But still a holy man
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it to be registered in heaven.

Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,
What means the sigh which from that ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
Which angels breathe ?

Mute ! mute ! 'tis passing strange !
Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well ;
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,

Into a mortal's hand,—the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,—
Hath never yet been shadow'd forth in sound,
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time
As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured link
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn
The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue ;
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near, with a seraph smile,
To press the lips that had breathed no guile,
Nor spoke the words of sorrow ;
Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope, still lingering nigh
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whisper'd of one in a brighter bower
It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
And mused by the parlour-fire ;
But ere the evening lamps did glow,
A stranger came, and, bending low,
Closely scann'd his ruddy brow.

“What is that in your hand?” she said ;
“My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red.”

“Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,
The magic spell of Memory.
That page hath gold, and a way I’ll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind ;
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste when the hair is gray.”

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But, ere he closed his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise.
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain’d the flying summer hour,
And charm’d the listener’s thought ;
For still would its tender cadence be,
“Follow me ! follow me !
And every morn a smile shall bring,
As sweet as the merry lay I sing.”—
She ceased, and with a serious air
The other made reply,
“Shall he not also be my care ?
May not I his journey share ?
Sister ! sister ! tell me why ?

Need Memory e’er with Hope contend ?
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend ?”

The youth beheld the strife,
And eagerly replied,
“Come, both, and be my guide,
And gild the path of life;”
So he gave to each a brother’s kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Roused him from the trance of night,
When, singing from her nest,
The lark went up with dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace;
And, as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.
But when the star of eve, from weary care,
Bade him to his home repair,
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober Memory spread her board
With knowledge richly stored,
And supp’d with him, and like a guardian bless’d
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and gray,

Memory, that faithful friend, was there,
And he in querulous tone did say,
“Hast thou not lost, with careless key,
Something that I have intrusted to thee?”

Her pausing answer was sad and low,
“It may be so! It may be so!
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time with a plunderer’s eye doth seek;
Something I miss, but I cannot say
What it is he hath stolen away,
For only tinsel and trifles spread
Over the alter’d path we tread;
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Here they are, all told and true,
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue.”

But while in grave debate,
Mournful, and ill at ease, they sate,
Finding treasures disarranged,
Blaming the fickle world, though they themselves were
changed,
Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And jeopardd its strength, in a bold, heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel-train;
Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew
 Memory walk'd that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky.

But Hope that glorious door
Pass'd not: it was not hers to dwell
Where pure desires to full fruition swell.

Her ministry was o'er:
To cheer earth's pilgrim toward the sky,
To cleanse the tear-drop from his eye,
Was hers,—then to immortal Joy
 Resign her brief employ,
Break her sweet harp, and die.

TO A GOOSE.

I CANNOT bear to hear thee slander'd, Goose !
It irketh me to see the truant boys
Pause in their play, and cast a stone at thee,
And call thee foolish.

Do those worthies know
That when old Rome had let the ruffian Gauls
Tread on her threshold of vitality,
And all her sentinels were comatose,
Thy clarion-call did save her ? Mighty strange
To call *thee* fool !

I think thou'rt dignified
And portly in thy bearing, and in all
The duties and proprieties of life
Art quite a pattern. Yet the duck may quack,
The turkey gabble, and the guinea-hen
Keep up a piercing and perpetual scream,
And all is well ; but if thou ope thy beak,
“*Fie, silly creature !*”

Yet I'm sure thou'st done

Many a clever and obliging deed;
And more than this, thou from thy wing dost spare
An outcast feather, which hath woke the world,
And made it wiser. Yea, the modest quill
Doth take its quiet stand behind the press,
And, like a prompter, tell it what to say.
But still we never praise the goose, who gave
This precious gift. Yet what can fill its place?
Think of the clumsy stylus, how absurd!
I know, indeed, that smart metallic pens
Have undertaken to speculate at large;
But I eschew them all, and prophesy
Goose-quills will be immortal as the art
To which they minister. 'Twere meet for me,
Though all besides were dumb, to fondly laud
The instrument that from my childhood up
Hath been my solace and my chosen friend
In hours of loneliness.

I'd fain propose
That, mid the poultry in the farmer's yard,
The goose should wear a ducal coronet,
If our republic would but authorize
Aught like an order of nobility.
Yet, sure, I'll institute a simple claim
For justice long withheld. I ask my peers,
The erudite and learned in the law,

Why the recusant owl is singled out
As Wisdom's bird? If blind Mythology,
Who on her fingers scarcely knew to count
Her thirty thousand gods, should groping make
Such error, 'tis not strange. But we, who skill
To ride the steam, and have a goodly hope
To ride the lightning too, need we be ruled
By vacillating Delphos? or enticed
To sanction her mistakes?

The aforesaid owl,

With his dull, staring eyes, what hath he done
To benefit mankind? Moping all day
Amid some dodder'd oak, and then at night,
With hideous hooting and wild flapping wings,
Scaring the innocent child. What hath he done
To earn a penny, or to make the world
Richer in any way? I doubt if he
E'en gets an honest living. Who can say
Whether such midnight rambles, none know where,
Are for his credit? Yet the priceless crown
Of wisdom he, in symbol and in song,
Unrighteously hath worn.

But times have changed,

Most reverend owl! Utility bears rule,
And the shrewd spirit of a busy age
Dotes not on things antique, nor pays respect

To hoary hairs, but counts it loss of time
To honour whatsoever fails to yield
A fat per centage. Yet thou'rt not ashamed
To live a gentleman; nor bronze thy claw
With manual labour, stupidly content
To be a burden on community.

—Meantime, the worthy and hard-working goose
Hath rear'd up goslings, fed us with her flesh,
Lull'd us to sleep upon her softest down,
And with her quills maintain'd the lover's lore,
And saved the tinsel of the poet's brain.
—Dear goose, thou'rt greatly wrong'd.

I move the owl

Be straightway swept from the usurper's seat,
And thou forthwith be voted for, to fill
Minerva's arms.

The flourish of a pen
Hath saved or lost a realm; hath signed the bond
That made the poor man rich; reft from the prince
His confiscated wealth, and sent him forth
A powerless exile; for the prisoner bade
The sunbeam tremble through his iron bars
The last, last time; or changed the cry of war
To blessed peace. How base, to scorn the bird
Whose cast-off feather hath done this, and more.

ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

COME in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come take in our father's best parlour a share ;
You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
Where the angry lakes roar and the northern winds blow ;
Come in, we've a pretty large household, 'tis true,
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
His dessert to embellish ; how kind was the thought !
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree ;
What a good little sister ! come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides very cunningly stored,
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,—
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbour, and more ;
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store ;

You're a prog, I perceive—it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians—so feeble and few?
So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew!
From the forests they fade; o'er the waters that bore
The names of their baptism, they venture no more;
O soothe their sad hearts ere they vanish afar,
Nòr quench the faint beams of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,
Are the stateliest dames of our family,
Your thirteen old sisters,—don't treat them with scorn,
They were notable spinsters before you were born;
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,—
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to spell,
Who stood at the helm when the war-tempest fell;—
They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky
In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July,
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
And say they usurp what they cannot hold;

Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray,
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray,
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they;
Though the price of our freedom they better have known,
Since they paid for it out of their purses alone;
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

STRATFORD UPON AVON.

WHAT nurtured Shakspeare mid these village-shades,
Making a poor deer-stalking lad a king
In the broad realm of mind?

I question'd much
Whatever met my view,—the holly-hedge,
The cottage-rose, the roof where he was born,
And the pleach'd avenue of limes that led
To the old church. And, pausing there, I mark'd
The mossy efflorescence on the stones,
Which, kindling in the sunbeam, taught me how
Its little seeds were fed by mouldering life,
And how another race of tiny roots,
The fathers of the future, should compel
From hardest-hearted rocks a nutriment,
Until the fern-plant and the ivy sere
Made ancient buttress and grim battlement
Their nursing-mothers.

But again I ask'd,
“What nurtured Shakspeare?” The rejoicing birds

Wove a wild song, whose burden seem'd to be,
He was their pupil when he chose, and knew
Their secret maze of melody to wind,
Snatching its sweetness for his winged strain
With careless hand.

The timid flowerets said,
“He came among us like a sleepless bee,
And all those pure and rarest essences,
Concocted by our union with the skies,
Which in our cups or zones we fain would hide,
He rifled for himself and bore away.”

—The winds careering in their might replied,
“Upon our wings he rode, and visited
The utmost stars. We could not shake him off.
E'en on the fleecy clouds he laid his hand,
As on a courser's mane, and made them work
With all their countless hues his wondrous will.”

And then meek Avon raised a murmuring voice,
What time the Sabbath chimes came pealing sweet
Through the umbrageous trees, and told how oft
Along those banks he wander'd, pacing slow,
As if to read the depths.

Ere I had closed
My question, the ready rain came down,

And every pearl-drop as it kiss'd the turf
Said, "We have been his teachers. When we fell
Pattering among the vine leaves, he would list
Our lessons as a student, nor despise
Our simplest lore."

And then the bow burst forth,
That strong love-token of the Deity
Unto a drowning world. Each prised ray
Had held bright dalliance with the bard, and help'd
To tint the robe in which his thought was wrapp'd
For its first cradle-sleep.

Then twilight came
In her gray robe, and told a tender tale
Of his low musings, while she noiseless drew
Her quiet curtain. And the queenly moon,
Riding in state upon her silver car,
Confess'd she saw him oft, through checkering shades,
Hour after hour, with Fancy by his side,
Linking their young imaginings, like chains
Of pearl and diamond.

Last, the lowly grave—
Shakspeare's own grave—sent forth a hollow tone,
"The heart within my casket *read itself*,
And from that inward wisdom learn'd to scan
The hearts of other men. It ponder'd long
Amid those hermit cells where thought is born,

Explored the roots of passion, and the founts
Of sympathy, and at each seal'd recess
Knock'd, until mystery fled. Hence her loved bard
Nature doth crown with flowers of every hue
And every season; and the human soul,
Owning his power, shall at his magic touch
Shudder, or thrill, while age on age expires."

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting noarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force;
And the bark, which tempests urge,
Moans and trembles at their scourge:
Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
Be thou near, and all is well.
Saviour! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn ;
Eyes that show the rushing tear
If our utter'd names they hear :
Saviour ! o'er the faithless main,
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touch'd by Thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go ;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave :
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Saviour ! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransom'd souls to Thee.

THE TOMB

"So parted they; the angel up to Heaven,

And Adam to his bower."

MILTON.

THIS is the parting place; yon turf-bound roof,
And marble door, where tenants may not hope
To enter and return. If earth's poor gold
E'er clave unto thee, here unlade thyself;
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world,
Nor mayst thou bear it hence. Honours hast thou,
Ambition's shadowy gatherings? Shred them loose
To the four winds, their natural element.
Yea, more, thou must unclasp the living ties
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtured babes?
And was each wailing from their feeble lip
A thorn to pierce thee? every infant smile
And budding hope, full springs of ecstasy?
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them
A parent art no more. Wert thou a wife?
And was the arm on which thy spirit lean'd

Faithful in all thy need? Yet must thou leave
This fond protection, and pursue alone
Thy shuddering pathway down the vale of death.
Friendship's free intercourse,—the promised joys
Of soul-implanted, soul-confiding love,—
The cherish'd sympathies which every year
Struck some new root within thy yielding breast,
Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager
Unto the land of spirits.

Yea, even more!

Lay down the body! Hast thou worshipp'd it
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste
Of precious time? Did beauty bring it gifts,
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye,
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power
Woke man's idolatry? The loan is o'er,
Dust turns to dust.

Yet the lone soul retains
One blessed trophy; if its span below
Secured the palm of Christ's atoning love:
For that shall win an entrance when it stands
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

"SHOW US THE FATHER."

JOHN IV. 8.

HAVE ye not *seen* Him, when through parted snows
Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green?
When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows,
And the pure snow-drop bursts its folded screen?
When the wild rose, that asks no florist's care,
Unfoldeth its rich leaves, have ye not seen him there?

Have ye not *seen* Him, when the infant's eye,
Through its bright sapphire-windows, shows the mind?
When, in the trembling of the tear or sigh,
Floats forth that essence, trembling and refined?
Saw ye not Him, the author of our trust,
Who breathed the breath of life into a frame of dust?

Have ye not *heard* Him, when the tuneful rill
Casts off its icy chains and leaps away?
In thunders echoing loud from hill to hill?
In song of birds at break of summer's day?

Or in the ocean's everlasting roar,
Battling the old gray rocks that sternly guard his shore?

Amid the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
When vexing cares in tranquil slumber rest,
When in the heart the holy thought is born,
And Heaven's high impulse warms the waiting breast,
Have ye not *felt* Him, while your kindling prayer
Swell'd out in tones of praise, announcing God was there?

Show us the Father! If ye fail to trace
His chariot where the stars majestic roll,
His pencil mid earth's loveliness and grace,
His presence in the Sabbath of the soul,
How can you see Him till the day of dread,
When to assembled worlds the book of doom is read?

NAPOLEON AT HELENA.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre,
characterless, uninscribed."

And who shall write thine epitaph, thou man
Of mystery and might?

Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear
Channel it slowly mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop.
Doth wear the sentenced brain?

Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame,
With shadowy finger, trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,

As chirp the weak-voiced nations of the grass,
Say, art thou sepulchred in yon far isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work-crown
Of the throned Alps,—why dost thou sleep, unmark'd
E'en by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
Breathing thy thunders on the battle-field,
Return and deck thy monument. Those forms,
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter strew'd,
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not the clarion-call. Yet, should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
Each dry bone to its fellow, or in heaps
Should pile their pillar'd dust, might not the stars
Deem that again the puny pride of man
Did build its Babel-stairs, creeping, by stealth,
To dwell with them? But here, unwept, thou art,
Like some dead lion in his thicket-lair,
With neither living man, nor spectre lone,
To trace thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes

That served as playthings in thy desperate game
 Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
 To pay thy reckoning, till gaunt Famine fed
 Upon their vitals. France ! who gave so free
 Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
 That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
 Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
 Thou, too, whose pride adorn'd dead Cæsar's tomb,
 And pour'd high requiem o'er the tyrant train
 Who ruled thee to thy cost, lend us thine arts
 Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
 To grace his obsequies at whose dark frown
 Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
 Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
 'Neath Agag's table, add the name of Rome.
 Turn, Austria ! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
 And on his monument to whom thou gav'st
 In anger battle, and in craft a bride,
 Grave Austerlitz, and fiercely turn away.
 Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
 Like the rein'd war-horse at the trumpet-blast,
 And take her witness to that fame which soars
 O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
 Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades

Of letter'd ease, O Germany ! come forth

With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll,
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imaged in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl leaves.
Hail, lotus-crown'd ! in thy green childhood fed
By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh and the shepherd kings,
Hast thou no trait of him who drench'd thy sands
At Jaffa and Aboukir ? when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing Spirit ?

Glorious isle !

Whose thrice-enwreathed chain, Promethean like,
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
Ho ! fur-clad Russia ! with thy spear of frost,
Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.

But there was silence. Not a sceptred hand
Received the challenge.

From the misty deep
Rise, island-spirits ! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life,
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write

That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
 Come, for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,
 And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
 And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb;
 Come, twine some bud of household tenderness,
 Some tender leaflet, nursed with nature's tears,
 Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
 His cradle at Ajaccio, turn'd away;
 And tiny Elba in the Tuscan wave
 Plunged her slight annal with the haste of fear;
 And lone St. Helena, heart-sick, and gray
 'Neath rude Atlantic's scourging, bade the moon,
 With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
 To an unhonour'd tomb.

Then Earth arose,

That blind old empress, on her crumbling throne,
 And, to the echo'd question—" *Who shall write
 Napoleon's epitaph?*"—as one who broods
 O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd—" *None.*"

COLUMBIA'S SHIPS.

THE ships from young Columbia's shore,
As fleet they are, and free,
As those from haughtier realms that boast
Dominion o'er the sea.
As gallantly their banners float,
As keen their lightnings fly,
And braver hearts than there are found
Beat not beneath the sky.

White as the glancing sea-bird's wing
Their swelling sails expand,
Beside the bright Egean isles,
Or green Formosa's strand,
Or where the sparse Norwegian pine
A sudden summer shares,
Or Terra del Fuego's torch
Amid the tempest glares.

Unmoved their trackless course they hold
Though vengeful Boreas roars,
And make their port on stranger-coasts
Or undiscover'd shores.
Rude people of a foreign speech
Have learn'd their cheering cry,
“Land ho!—Aloft!”—and “Bear-a-hand!”
With the ready tar's reply.

From zone to zone—from pole to pole,
Where'er in swift career
The venturous keel a path explores,
Our Yankee sailors steer.
The white bear, on his field of ice,
Hath seen their signals toss'd;
And the great whale, old Ocean's king,
Doth know them to his cost.

The spices from the Indian isles,
The plant of China's care,
The cane's sweet blood from tropic climes
Their merchant-vessels bear.
Wherever Commerce points his wand,
They mount the crested waves,
And link together every sea
The rolling globe that laves.

Still nearest to the Antarctic gate
Our daring seamen press,
Where storm-wrapp'd Nature thought to dwell
In hermit loneliness ;
“Whose masts are those, so white with frost,
Where fearful icebergs shine ?”
My country from her watch-tower look'd,
And answer'd—“They are mine !”

Columbia's ships ! With dauntless prow
The tossing deep they tread ;
The pirates of the Libyan sands
Have felt their prowess dread :
And the British lion's lordly mane
Their victor might confess'd,
For well their nation's faith and pride
They guard on Ocean's breast.

When strong Oppression fiercely frowns,
Her eagle rears his crest,
And means no bird of air shall pluck
His pinions or his breast ;
And brighter on the threatening cloud
Gleam out her stars of gold.
Huzza ! for young Columbia's ships,
And for her seamen bold.

ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?

Did some white-wing'd messenger,
On mercy's mission, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows,
And, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?

Tree nor shrub
Dare the drear atmosphere; no polar-pine
Uplifts a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with steadfast eye to Him,
Who bids ye bloom unblanch'd amid the realm
Of desolation.

Man who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or treads the dizzy verge
Of yawning gulfs, from whence the headlong plunge
Is to eternity,—looks shuddering up

And marks ye in your placid loveliness,
Fearless yet frail; and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencil'd beauty. Mid the pomp
Of mountain-summits rushing toward the sky,
And chaining the wrapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind ye, drooping, to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD.

The solemn mockery of the trial of the dead, which was first permitted in Scotland about the fourteenth century, was exhibited in the case of George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, in the year 1664. After this judicial process, the body was removed from Holyrood, and interred at Elgin Cathedral, the burial-place of his family.

THE spears at Corrichie were bright,
Where, with a stern command,
The Earl of Huntley ranged his host
Upon their native strand.

From many a Highland strath and glen
They at his summons came,
A stalwart band of fearless men,
Who counted war a game.

Then, from Edina's royal court
Fierce Murray northward sped,
And rush'd his envied foe to meet
In battle sharp and dread.

They met, they closed, they struggled sore,
Like waves when tempests blow,
The slogan-music high in air,
The sound of groans below.

They broke, they wheel'd, they charged again,
Till on the ensanguined ground
The noble Gordon lifeless lay,
Transpierced with many a wound.

Long from her tower his Lady look'd:
"I see a dusky cloud,
And there, behold! comes floating high
Earl Huntley's banner proud."

Then, deep she sigh'd, for rising mist
Involved her aching sight;
'Twas but an autumn-bough that mock'd
Her chieftain's pennon bright.

His mother by the ingle sate,
Her head upon her knee,
And murmur'd low in hollow tone,
"He'll ne'er come back to thee."

“Hist, Lady, mother ! hear I not
Steed-tramp and pibroch-roar ?
As when the victor-surf doth tread
Upon a rocky shore ?”

Not toward the loop-hole raised her head
That woman wise and hoar,
But whisper’d in her troubled soul,
“Thy Lord returns no more !”

“A funeral march is in my ear,
A scatter’d host I see,”
And, straining wild, her sunken eye
Gazed out on vacancy.

Back to their homes, the Gordon clan
Stole with despairing tread,
While to the vaults of Holyrood
Was borne their chieftain dead.

Exulting foemen bore him there,
While lawless vassals jeer’d,
Nor spared to mock the haughty brow
Whose living frown they fear’d.

No earth upon his corse they strew'd,
At no rich shrine inurn'd,
But heavenward, as the warrior fell,
His noble forehead turn'd.

Months fled ; and while, from castled height
To cot in lowly dell,
O'er Corrichie's disastrous day
The tears of Scotland fell,

Behold, a high and solemn court
With feudal pomp was graced,
And at the bar, in princely robes,
A muffled chieftain placed.

No glance his veiled face might scan,
Though throngs beside him prest ;
The Gordon plume his brow adorn'd,
Its tartan wrapp'd his breast.

“Lord George of Gordon, Huntley's earl !
High-treason taints thy name ;
For God, and for thy country's cause,
Defend thine ancient fame ;

“Make oath upon thine honour’s seal,
Heaven’s truth unblenching tell!”
No lip he moved, no hand he raised,
And dire that silence fell.

No word he spake, though thrice adjured;
Then came the sentence drear:
“Foul traitor to thy queen and realm,
Our laws denounce thee here.”

They stripp’d him of his cloak of state,
They bared his helmed head,
Though the pale judges inly quaked
Before the ghastly dead.

Light thing to him, that earthly doom
Or man’s avenging rod,
Who, in the land of souls, doth bide
The audit of his God.

Before his face the crowd drew back,
As from sepulchral gloom,
And sternest veterans shrank to breathe
The vapour of the tomb.

And now, this mockery of the dead
With hateful pageant o'er,
They yield him to his waiting friends
Who throng the palace door.

And on their sad procession press'd,
Unresting day and night,
To where mid Elgin's towers they mark
The fair cathedral's height.

And there, by kindred tears bedew'd,
Beneath its hallow'd shade,
With midnight torch and chanted dirge,
Their fallen chief they laid,

Fast by king Duncan's mouldering dust,
Whose locks of silver hue
Were stain'd, as Avon's swan hath sung,
With murder's bloody dew.

So, rest thou here, thou Scottish earl
Of ancient fame and power,
No more a valiant host to guide
In battle's stormy hour.

Yea, rest thee here, thou Scottish earl,
Until that day of dread,
Which to eternity consigns
The trial of the dead.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

A VOICE amid the desert.

Not of him

Who, in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity moved him as he saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The springs of every nature. The high lore
Of heaven he humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable allured
The sluggish mind to follow truth, and live.

They whom the thunders of the law had stunn'd
Woke to the gospel's melody with tears;
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe
High in her arms, that its young eye might greet
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,
Though thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound
Broke the strong spell of eloquence which held
The wilderness in chains, save now and then,
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,
Eyes fix'd, and lips apart; the very breath
Constrain'd, lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge, sweeping o'er their souls
Like a strange, raptured dream. They heeded not
The spent sun closing at the curtain'd west
His burning journey. What was time to them,
Who heard, entranced, the eternal Word of Life?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came,
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press,
Care-stricken, to his side: "Where shall we find
Bread in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eye,
He bless'd, and brake the slender store of food,

And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe
With renovated strength inspired their souls,
As, gazing on the miracle, they mark'd
The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard
Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man
Had never utter'd.

Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom thou didst die to save, touch thou our souls
With the same spirit of untiring love.
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow-man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoin'd,
Be as a brother in his hour of need.

ON TRANSPLANTING A DAISY FROM
RUNIMEDE.

FROM the green turf of Runimede
A daisy's root I drew,
Amid whose moisten'd crown of leaves
A healthful bud crept through,
And whisper'd in its infant ear
That it might cross the sea,
A cherish'd emigrant, and find
A western home with me.

Methought it shrank at first, and paled,
But when, on ocean's tide,
Strong waves and mighty icebergs frown'd,
And manly courage died,
It calmly raised a crested head
And smiled amid the storm,
As if old Magna Charta's soul
Inspired its fragile form.

So, where within my garden plat
I sow the choicest seed,
Amid my favorite shrubs I placed
The plant from Runimede;
And know not why it may not draw
Sweet nutriment the same,
As when within that clime from whence
Our gallant fathers came.

There's liberty enough for all,
If they but use it well;
And Magna Charta's spirit burns
In e'en the lowliest cell:
And the simplest daisy may unfold,
From scorn and danger freed;
So, make yourself at home, my friend,
My flower of Runimede.

THE GIFT OF APOLLO.

A legend of ancient mythology relates, that the inhabitants of Methymnia, on the island of Lesbos, received from Apollo a genius for music and poetry, as a mark of his gratitude for having extended the rites of burial to the severed head of Orpheus.

WHEN Orpheus' limbs, by Thracian madness torn,
Down the cold Hebrus' sounding floods were borne,
The blood-stain'd lips in tuneful measures sigh'd,
And murmur'd music charm'd the listening tide.

Thus roam'd the head, complaining and distress,
Till Lesbian bands beheld the approaching guest,
And, with indignant sorrow, shuddering bore
The mangled victim to their verdant shore.
With fragrant streams the quivering brows they lave,
And cleanse the tresses from the briny wave,
Spread a soft pillow in the earth's green breast,
And with low dirges lull to dreamless rest.
Then from the tossing surge his lyre they gain,
A treasured trophy for Apollo's fane,

Round its fair frame funereal garlands bind,
And mourn its lord, to silent dust consign'd.

Hark !—while its chords the gales of evening sweep,
Soft tones awake, and mystic voices weep.
“Eurydice !” in trembling love they sigh ;
“Eurydice !” the long-drawn aisles reply,
And through the temple steals, in echoes low,
The mournful sweetness of remember'd wo.

Methymnia's sons, with new-felt warmth inspired,
By all Apollo's soul of song were fired,
Pour'd their rich offerings round his golden shrine,
Caught the rapt spirit, and the strain divine ;
For he with smiles and priceless gifts repaid
The men whose pious rites appeased his favourite's shade.

BENEVOLENCE.

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts."—HAGGAI ii. 8.

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the mine?
And whose the silver? Are they not the Lord's?
And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,
And the broad earth with all her gushing springs,
Are they not His who made them?

Ye who hold
Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands
By your own names, and lock your gather'd gold
From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name
Doth ask a part, whose shall those riches be
When, like the grass-blade from the autumn-frost,
You fall away?

Point out to me the forms
That in your treasure-chambers shall enact
Glad mastership, and revel where you toil'd
Sleepless and stern. Strange faces are they all.

Oh, man ! whose wrinkling labour is for heirs
Thou knowest not who,—thou in thy mouldering bed,
Unkenn'd, unchronicled of them, shalt sleep ;
Nor will they thank thee that thou didst bereave
Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayst give
The famish'd food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darken'd mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And, full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight survey'd,
Sir Bernardine du Born.
While he that haughty glance return'd,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleam'd through his crisped hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,
Lord of a lawless band,
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land;
Thy castles and thy rebel towers
Are forfeit to the crown,
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shalt end thy base renown.

“Deign’st thou no word to bar thy doom,

Thou with strange madness fired?

Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?”

Plantagenet inquired.

Sir Bernard turn’d him toward the king;

He blench’d not in his pride:

“My reason fail’d, my gracious liege,

The year Prince Henry died.”

Quick at that name a cloud of wo

Pass’d o’er the monarch’s brow;

Touch’d was that thrilling cord of love

At which the mightiest bow.

Again swept back the tide of years,

Again his first-born moved,

The fair, the graceful, the sublime,

The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherish’d by his side,

One chosen friend was near,

To share in boyhood’s ardent sport

Or youth’s untamed career.

With him the merry chase he sought

Beneath the dewy morn,

With him in knightly tourney rode

This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved
Seem'd cleansed of guilt to him;
And faintly through his tears he spake,
"God send his grace to thee,
And for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth, unscathed and free."

MORN AND EVEN.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice."—*David*.

THE outgoings of sweet morn ! See the light mist,
That spreads its white wing to the heavens away ;
See the fresh blossoms by the blithe bee kiss'd ;
The hilltop kindling 'neath the king of day ;
Spire after spire, that drinks the genial ray ;
The rocks, that in their rifted holds abide,
And darkly frown, with heads for ever gray ;
While the clear stream gleams out in trembling pride
Through its transparent veil, like a fair, timid bride.

Morn to the Earth ! the cup of life she quaffs,
And countless voices hail the sparkling draught :
Methinks the lamb beside its mother laughs ;
Up soars the lark, with song his Maker taught ;
Sweet lisping murmurs wrap the infant's thought,
As gladly from the cottage door it creeps ;
The wild rill glitters through the lonely grot ;
While the hoarse sea, whose anthem never sleeps,
Reverberates God's praise through all its sounding deeps.

Morn to the watcher by the sick man's bed !

The slow, slow clock tells out the welcome hour,
And to the air he springs with buoyant tread ;

The poor caged bird sings sweet in lady's bower ;
The farmer, watchful lest the skies may lower,
Thrusts his sharp sickle mid the bearded grain ;

While sportive voices, strong in childhood's power,
With merry music wake the village plain,
And toil comes forth refresh'd, and age is young again.

The outgoings of mild eve ! the folded rose ;

Soft slumber settling on the lily's bell ;

The solemn forest lull'd to deep repose,

While restless winds no more its murmurs swell ;

The stars emerging from their secret cell,

A silent night-watch o'er the world to keep ;

And then the queenly moon, attended well,

Who o'er the mighty arch of heaven doth sweep,
Speaking of Nature's King in language still and deep.

The charms of eve how sweet, he best can say,

Who, sickening at the city's dust and noise,
And selfish arts that Mammon's votaries sway,

Turns to his home to taste its simple joys ;

There, climbing on his knee, his ruddy boys
Wake that warm thrill that every care repays ;

And fondly hasting from her baby-toys,
His prattling daughter seeks a father's gaze,
And gives that tender smile which o'er his slumber plays.

She, too, who wins her bread by toil severe,
And from her home at early morn must go
To earn the bread that dries her children's tear,
How hails her heart the sun declining low !
Love nerves the foot that else were sad and slow,
And when afar her lowly roof she spies,
Forgot is all her lot of scorn and wo,
A mother's rapture kindling in her eyes,
While to her wearied arms the eager nursling flies.

And see, from labour loosed, the drooping team,
Unharness'd, hasting to their fragrant food ;
While, fearful of the hawk's marauding scream,
The broad-wing'd mother folds her helpless brood ;
In the cool chambers of the teeming flood
The scaly monsters check their boisterous play ;
And, closely curtain'd mid the quiet wood,
The slumbering minstrels hush their warbling lay,
While man's sweet hymn of praise doth close the summer-
day.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

FROM my own native clime, I took my way
Across the foaming deep. My husband slept
In his new grave, and poverty had stripp'd
Our lonely cottage. Letters o'er the wave,
From brother and from sister, bade me come
To this New World, where there is bread for all.
So, with my heavy, widow'd heart I went,
My only babe and I.

Coarse, curious eyes
Look'd searchingly upon me, as I sat
In the throng'd steerage, with my sick, sick soul.
But at each jeering word, I bow'd my head
Down o'er my helpless child, and was content,
For he was all my world.

Storms rock'd the bark,
And haggard fear sprang up, with oaths and cries.
Yet wondrous courage nerved me. For to die
With that fair, loving creature in my arms,
Seem'd more than life without him. If a shade

Of weariness or trouble mark'd my brow,
He look'd upon me with his father's eyes,
And I was comforted.

But sickness came,
Close air, and scanty food. Darkly they press'd
On feeble infancy, and oft I heard,
As mournful twilight settled o'er the sea,
The frequent plunge, and the wild mother's shriek,
When her lost darling to the depths went down.
Then came the terror. To my heaving breast
I closer clasp'd the child, and all my strength
Went forth in one continued sigh to God.
Scarcely I slept, lest the dire pestilence
Should smite him unawares. E'en when he lay
In peaceful dreams, the smile upon his cheek,
I trembled, lest the dark-wing'd angel breathed
Insidious whispers, luring him away.

It came at last. That dreadful sickness came,
The fever—short and mortal. Midnight's pall
Spread o'er the waters, when his last faint breath
Moisten'd my cheek. Deep in my breaking heart
I shut the mother's cry.

One mighty fear
Absorb'd me, lest his cherish'd form should feed
The dire sea-monsters, nor beneath the sods

Of the green, quiet, blessed earth, await
The resurrection.

So, I shuddering press'd
The body closer, though its deadly cold
Froze through my soul.

To those around, I said,
“Disturb him not—he sleepeth.” Then I sang
And rock'd him tenderly, as though he woke
In fretfulness, or felt the sting of pain.
My poor, dead baby! Terrible to me
Such falsehood seem'd. But yet the appalling dread
Lest the fierce, scaly monsters of the sea
Should wind around him with their gorging jaws,
O'ermaster'd me.

Nights fled, and mornings dawn'd,
And still my chill arms clasp'd immovably
The shrivelling form. They told me he was dead,
And bade me give my beautiful to them,
For burial in the deep. With outstretch'd hands
They stood demanding him, until the light
Fled from my swimming eyes.

But when I woke
From the long trance, that icy burden lay
No longer on my bosom. Pitying words
The captain spake—“Look at yon little boat
Lash'd to our stern. There, in his coffin, rests

The body of thy son. If in three days
We reach the land, he shall be buried there
As thou desirest."

There, from breaking morn,
My eyes were fix'd; and when the darkness came,
By the red binnacle's uncertain light
I watch'd that floating speck amid the waves,
And pray'd for land.

As thus I kept my watch,
Like desolate Rizpah, mournful visions came
Of my forsaken cottage; while the spring
Of gushing crystal, where 'neath bowering trees
We drew our water, gurgled in my ear
To mock me with its memories of joy.
My throat was dry with anguish, and when voice
Fail'd me to pray for land, I lifted up
That silent, naked thought, which finds the Throne
Sooner than pomp of words.

With fiery face
And eager foot, the third dread morning rose
Out of the misty deep, and coldly rang
The death-knell of my hope.

As o'er the stern
I gazed with dim eye on the flashing brine,
Methought its depths were open'd, and I saw
Creatures most vile, that o'er the bottom crept,

Lizards and slimy serpents, hideous forms
And shapes, for which man's language hath no name;
While to the surface rose the monster shark,
Intent to seize his prey.

Convulsive shrieks,
Long pent within my bleeding heart, burst forth.
But from the watcher at the mast there came
A shout of "*Land!*" and on the horizon's edge
Gleam'd a faint streak, like the white seraph's wing.
Oh! blessed land! We near'd it, and my breath
Was one continued gasp—*Oh! blessed land!*

A boat was launch'd. With flashing oar it reach'd
A lonely isle. Bent o'er the vessel's side,
I saw them dig a narrow grave, and lay
In the cool bosom of the quiet earth
The little body that was mine no more.
Nor wept I: for an angel said to me,
"God's will! God's will! and thy requited prayer
Remember!"

To my hand a scroll they brought,
Bearing the name of that deserted strand,
And record of the day in which they laid
My treasure there. They might have spared that toil:
A mother's unforgetful love needs not
Record or date.

The ship held on her course
To greener shores. There came an exile's pain,
Beneath a foreign sky.

Yet 'twere a sin
To mourn with bitterness the boy whose smile
Cheers me no more, since the sea had him not,
Nor the sea-monsters.

Endless praise to Him,
Who did not scorn the poor, weak woman's sigh
Of desolate wo.

No monument is thine,
Oh babe! that 'neath yon sterile sands dost sleep,
Save the strong sculpture in a mother's heart;
And by those traces will she know thee well
When the graves open, and before God's throne
Both small and great are gather'd.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased."

MARK i. 32.

JUDEA'S summer-day went down,
And lo! from vale and plain,
Around the heavenly Healer throng'd
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow, the hectic cheek,
The cripple bent with care,
And he whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, were there.

He raised his hand, the lame man leap'd,
The blind forgot his wo,
And with a startling rapture gazed
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose
The paralytic pale,
While the loathed leper dared once more
His fellow-man to hail.

The lunatic's illumined brow,
With smiles of love o'erspread,
Assured the kindred hearts that long
Had trembled at his tread.

The mother to her idiot-boy
The name of Jesus taught,
Who thus with sudden touch had fired
The chaos of his thought.

Yes, all that sad, imploring train
He heal'd ere evening fell,
And speechless joy was born that night
In many a lonely cell.

Ere evening fell! Oh ye, who find
The chills of age descend,
And with the lustre of your locks
The almond-blossom blend;

Haste, ere the darkening shades of night
Have every hope bereaved,
Nor leave the safety of the soul
Unstudied, unachieved.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.*

DEATH found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
O'er cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence.

* This little poem has been inserted, by mistake, in one of the American editions of the late Mrs. Hemans. Though this is accounted by the real author as an honor, it is still proper to state, that it was originally composed at Hartford, in the winter of 1824, and comprised in a volume of poems, published in Boston, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., in 1827. Should other testimony be necessary, it may be mentioned that a letter from Mrs. Hemans, to a friend in this country, pointing out some poems in that volume which pleased her, designated, among others, this "Death of an Infant."

But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

FILIAL PIETY OF DAVID.

ADULLAM'S sheltering cavern bent

O'er many an exile's head,

Who from the tyrant sway of Saul

In discontent had fled ;

And he, the leader of that band,

Came forth in sadden'd thought,

And to a foreign monarch's court

His suit a suppliant brought :

"Oh, King of Moab !" bowing down

With trembling lip he said

Who oft to victory's crimson field

Had Israel's thousands led,

"I pray thee, let mine aged sire,

And she beside whose knee

My earliest, lisping prayer was learn'd,

In safety dwell with thee.

“Lest, while the adverse torrent’s force
 With struggling breast I stem,
My hands grow weak, my spirits faint,
 In anxious care for them ;
For with an outlaw’s ceaseless pain,
 I wander to and fro,
And wait Jehovah’s righteous will
 More perfectly to know.”

Then forth to Moab’s pitying prince
 His aged sire he led,
The cavern dampness on the locks
 That silver’d o’er his head ;
And, leaning on his vigorous arm,
 A wrinkled woman came,
The mother of the many sons
 Who honour’d Jesse’s name.

The youngest and the dearest one
 Now woke her parting tear,
And sorrow shook his manly breast
 That ne’er had quail’d with fear ;
While, drawing near the monarch’s side,
 In low and earnest tone
He press’d upon his soften’d heart
 The treasures of his own.

Low kneeling at his parent's side,
That blessing he besought,
Which ever in his childish years
Had calm'd each troubled thought;
While they with fond and feeble hand
His clustering curls among,
Jehovah's majesty and might
Invoked with faltering tongue.

With tearful thanks to Moab's king,
The exile left the place,
For filial duty well discharged
Shed sunshine o'er his face;
And sweet as when on Bethlehem's vales
He fed his fleecy flock,
The dew of holy song distill'd
Like honey from the rock.

"God is my light! Why should I fear,
Though earth be dark with shade?
God is the portion of my soul,
Why should I be afraid?
Unless his arm had been my stay
When snares were round me spread,
My strength had fainted and gone down
To silence and the dead.

“Father and mother, dear and true
The homeless one forsake,
While like the hunted deer, my course
From cliff to cliff I take.
Though kings against my life conspire,
And hosts in hate array’d,
God is the portion of my soul;
Why should I be afraid?”

THE IVY.

BEAUTIFUL plant, clasping the ruin'd tower
That Time hath wreck'd, and venturing fearless up
Into the frosty sky ! hast thou a heart
For constant friendship, that thou thus dost dare
Peril, and storm, and winter's tyranny,
With changeless brow ?

The lonely shaft that falls
From its high place, thou in thy helpful arms
Dost wind embracing, its disjointed stones
Knitting with thy strong root-work, like a mesh
Of living nerves.

The brown and gnarled trunk,
Whose heart the worm hath eaten, thou dost deck
As for its bridal, hiding every seam
And wrinkle with thy broider'd drapery.
The broken column mid the desert sands,
Where dim antiquity hath dozed so long
That slow oblivion stole the date away
Which history seeks in vain, thou still dost gird

And cherish as a tender wife, who loves
Best when all else forsake.

'Twas sweet to sit
Beneath thy shade, and mark thee closely wrap
The castellated domes of the old world;
For though within no habitants were found,
Save noisome bats, or the gray, boding owl,
Uttering her nightly shriek, yet thou untired
Didst do thy pleasant work of charity,
Feeding the glad birds with thy berries sere,
That thickly nested mid thy niches green.
Art thou a Christian, Ivy,—thus to clothe
The naked, and the broken heart to bind,
And bless the old, and cheer the desolate?
A teacher sure thou art, and shouldst be rank'd
Among the few who by example teach,
Making a text-book of their own strong heart
And blameless life.

And should we linger here,
Till our props fall around us, and each rose
Fades in our grasp, oh! might one friend remain,
Fond and unchanged like thee; we scarce should heed
The touch of wasting time.

Yea, should some stone
Or funeral column chronicle our name,
Stretch out thine arms, and wreathe it, reaching forth

Thy freshly lustrous leaf, and showing all
The young who wander there, how to be true
In love, and pitiful to wo, and kind
To hoary age, and with unswerving heart
Do good to those who render naught again.

THE AGED BISHOP.

A scene at the closing of a Convention in Virginia, by the venerable Bishop Moore.

THEY cluster'd round, that listening throng,
The parting hour drew nigh,
And heighten'd feeling, deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye;

For reverend in his hoary years,
A white-robed prelate bent,
And trembling pathos wing'd his words,
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love he urged the crowd
Salvation's hope to gain,
While, gathering o'er his furrow'd cheek,
The tears fell down like rain.

He waved his hand, and music woke
A warm and solemn strain;
His favourite hymn swell'd high, and fill'd
The consecrated fane.

Then from the hallow'd chancel forth,
With faltering step, he sped,
And fervent laid a father's hand
On every priestly head.

And breathed the blessing of his God,
And, full of meekness, said,
"Be faithful in your Master's work
When your old bishop's dead.

"For more than fifty years, my sons,
A Saviour's love supreme
Unto a sinful world, hath been
My unexhausted theme:

"Now, see, the blossoms of the grave
Are o'er my temples spread;
Oh! lead the seeking soul to Him
When your old bishop's dead."

Far waned the holy Sabbath-eve
On toward the midnight hour,
Before the spell-bound throng retired
To slumber's soothing power;

Yet many a sleeper, mid his dream,
Beheld in snowy stole
That patriarch-prelate's bending form,
Whose accents thrill'd the soul.

In smiles the summer morn arose,
And many a grateful guest,
Forth from those hospitable domes,
With tender memories, press'd;

While o'er the broad and branching bay,
Which like a heart doth pour
A living tide, in countless streams,
Through fair Virginia's shore,

O'er Rappahannock's fringed breast,
O'er rich Potomac's tide,
Or where the bold, resistless James
Rolls on with monarch-pride,

The boats that ask nor sail nor oar,
With speed majestic glide,
And many a thoughtful pastor leans
In silence o'er their side;

And, while he seems to scan the flood
In silver 'neath him spread,
Revolves the charge, "*Be strong for God*
When your old bishop's dead."

THE RAINBOW.

MOUNTAIN! that first received the foot of man,
Giving him shelter when the shoreless flood
That whelm'd a buried world went surging by,
I see thee in thy lonely grandeur rise;
I see the white-hair'd Patriarch, as he knelt
Beside his earthen altar mid his sons,
While beat in praise the only pulse of life
Upon this buried planet.—O'er the gorged
And furrow'd soil swept forth a numerous train,
Horned, or cloven-footed, fierce or tame,
While, mix'd with song, the sound of countless wings,
His rescued prisoners, fann'd the ambient air.

The sun drew near his setting, clothed in gold,
But on the Patriarch, ere from prayer he rose,
A darkly-cinctured cloud chill tears had wept,
And rain-drops lay upon his silver hairs.
Then burst an arch of wondrous radiance forth,
Spanning the vaulted skies. Its mystic scroll

Proclaim'd the amnesty that pitying heaven
Granted to earth, all desolate and void.

Oh signet-ring ! with which the Almighty seal'd
His treaty with the remnant of the clay
That shrank before him, to remotest time
Stamp wisdom on the souls that turn to thee.
Sublime Instructor ! who four thousand years
Hast ne'er withheld thy lesson, but unfurl'd,
As shower and sunbeam bade, thy glorious scroll,
Oft, mid the summer's day, I musing sit
At my lone casement, to be taught of thee.
Born of the tear-drop and the smile, methinks,
Thou hast affinity with man, for such
His elements and pilgrimage below.
Our span of strength and beauty fades like thine,
Yet stays its fabric on eternal truth
And boundless mercy.

The wild floods may come,
The everlasting fountains burst their bounds,
The exploring dove without a leaf return,
Yea, the fires glow that melt the solid rock,
And earth be wreck'd : *What then ?* Be still, my soul ;
Enter thine ark ; God's promise cannot fail ;
For surely as yon rainbow tints the cloud,
His truth, thine Ararat, will shelter thee.

THE THRIVING FAMILY.

A SONG.

OUR father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs.
Full thirty well grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled all, d'ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
So if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare
For spending or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lordling need deride us,
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us.
Hail, brothers, hail,
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east ;
 Some, clover fields are mowing ;
And others tend the cotton plants
 That keep the looms a-going ;
Some build and steer the white-wing'd ships,
 And few in speed can mate them,
While others rear the corn and wheat,
 Or grind the corn to freight them.
And if our neighbours o'er the sea
 Have e'er an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer
 We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
 No tyrant king to ride us ;
Our sages in the Capitol
 Enact the laws that guide us.
 Hail, brothers, hail,
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have, we can't deny,
 A foible here and there ;
But other households have the same,
 And so we won't despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
 And call hard names, you see,

And what a shame 'twould be to part

So fine a family !

'Tis but a waste of time to fret,

Since Nature made us one,

For every quarrel cuts a thread

That healthful Love has spun.

Then draw the cords of union fast,

Whatever may betide us,

And closer cling through every blast,

For many a storm has tried us.

Hail, brothers, hail,

Let nought on earth divide us.

FLOWERS IN CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

THE flowers were beautiful to me
When childhood lured the way
Along the green and sunny slope,
Or through the groves to stray.
They were to me as playmates dear,
And when upon my knee
I whisper'd to them in their beds,
Methought they answer'd me.

I bent to kiss them where they grew,
And smiling bore away
On lip and cheek the diamond dew
That glittering deck'd their spray.
The bud, on which no eye hath glanced,
Save His who form'd its pride,
Seem'd as a sister to my heart,
For it had none beside.

Then countless gay and fairy forms
Gleam'd by, on pinions rare,
And many a castle's turret bright
Was pictured on the air;
For Fancy held me so in thrall,
And peopled every scene,
That flowers might only fill the space
A thousand joys between.

But as life's river nears its goal,
And glittering bubbles break,
The love of flowers is like his grasp
Whom stronger props forsake,
Who, drifting toward some wintry clime,
Hangs o'er the vessel's side,
To snatch one faded wreath of hope
From out the whelming tide.

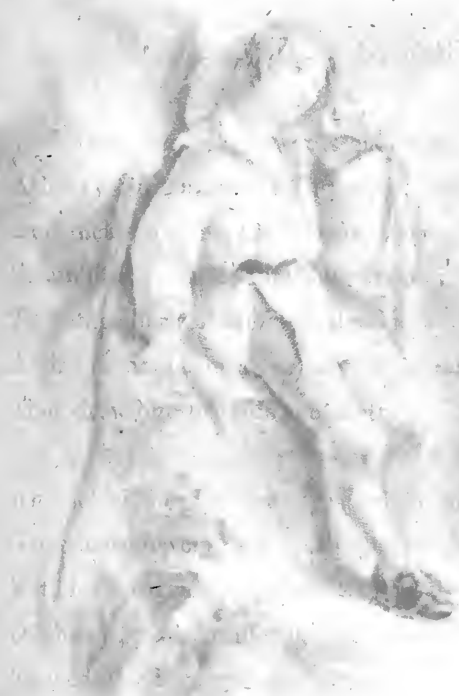
Like his, who on the isthmus stands
Whose ever-crumbling verge
Divides the weary race of time
From death's advancing surge,
And sees, to cheer its dreary strand,
Pale Memory's leaflets start,
And binds them as a blessed balm
To heal his lonely heart.





R. H. H. H. H. H.

Awake h...
...down"



THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

I SAW a boy who towards his cottage home
A heavy burden bore. The way was steep
And rocky, and his little loaded arm
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide
The other horizontally was thrown,
As if to counterpoise the painful weight
That drew him towards the earth.

A while he paused
And set his burden down, just where the path
Grew more precipitous, and wiped his brow
With his worn sleeve, and panting breathed long draughts
Of the sweet air, while the hot summer sun
Flamed o'er his forehead.

But another boy,
'Neath a cool poplar in a neighbouring field,
Sat playing with his dog; and from the grass
Uprising, with light bound the coppice clear'd,
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.
So on they went together, grasping firm

The basket's handle with a right good will;
And while their young, clear voices met my ear,
I recollected how the Bible said,
"Bear one another's burdens," and perceived
That to obey God's word was happiness.
Then, as the bee gleans from the humblest flower
Sown by the wayside, honey for her hive,
I treasured up the lesson, and when eve
Call'd home the labouring ox, and to its bed
Warn'd the young bird, and shut the lily's cup,
I took my little boy upon my knee,
And told him of the basket-bearer's toil,
And of the friend who help'd him.

When his eye
Swell'd full and round, and fix'd upon my face,
Taking the story to his inmost soul,
I said, "My son, be pitiful to all,
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown
Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,
Whose buds are virtues, such as bloom for heaven.

"If thy young sister weepeth, kiss the tear
From her smooth cheek, and soothe with tender words
Her swelling breast; or if a secret thorn
Is in thy brother's bosom, draw it thence;

Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear,
And share with sympathy his weight of wo.

“And when thou art a man, my little one,
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills
Of foreigner and stranger, of the race
Whom Afric’s sun hath darken’d, and of those
Poor red-brow’d exiles from our forest shades,
Where once they ruled supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun
That selfishness which, wrapp’d in its own pride,
Forgets alike the Giver and the grief
Of those who mourn.

So mayst thou ever find
Pity and love in thine own time of need,
If on thy young heart, as a signet-ring,
Thou grav’st that motto from a Book Divine,
‘Bear one another’s burdens, and fulfil
The law of Christ.’ ”

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

THE west had shut its gate of gold
Upon the parting sun,
And through each window's curtaining fold
Lamps glimmer'd one by one ;
And many a babe had sunk to rest,
And many a tender mother's breast
Still lull'd its darling care,
When in a nursery's quiet bound,
With fond affections circled round,
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt ; its cherub face
Upraised with earnest air,
And well devotion's heaven-born grace
Became a brow so fair.
Yet seldom at our Father's throne
Such glad and happy child is known
So tearfully to strive ;

For long, with trembling ardour fraught,
That supplicating lip besought,
 "Please God, let Lilly live."

And still went up the imploring strain,
 That little couch beside,
As if for "poor sick Lilly's pain,"
 It could not be denied.
E'en when the balm of slumber stole
With soothing influence o'er the soul,
 Like moonlight o'er the stream,
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lilly's life,
 Mix'd with the infant dream.

So Lilly lived, but not where time
 Is measured out by woes;
Not where stern winter chills the clime,
 Or canker eats the rose.
And she who for that darling friend
In agonizing love did bend,
 To pour the simple prayer,
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart,
That grieve the mourning parent's heart,
 Lives with her Lilly there.

THE VICTIM OF THE DEEP.

UNFATHOM'D main ! who to thy dark embrace
Hast taken the born of earth, the varied haunts
Of his young boyhood's sport, the corn-clad fields
Where erst he held the plough, remember him.
Home and its many voices, wild with grief,
Reproach thee for his absence, and demand
Why he returns not.

For with vigorous step
He left his cottage-door. Through his young veins
The health-tide coursed, and in each compact limb
Strength revell'd. And with such confiding joy
He turn'd to thee, that scarce a mother's wo
Woke one brief tear.

Who whispereth he is dead ?
Dead ! And how died he ?

Answer us, thou Sea !
No doubt, thou fain wouldst hide the fearful tale,
The plunge, the gasp, the agonizing pang
With which thy treacherous policy was seal'd.

What right hadst thou, without one sound of knell,
Or hallow'd prayer, or step of funeral train,
In thy cold-hearted heathenism to take
Him on whose brow the pure baptismal dew
Was shed, which mark'd him of the fold of Christ?
E'en now thou roll'st above him, with the play
Of all thy crested waves, mocking the trust
Which, from the footing of the firm, green earth,
He drew to place on thee.

His boyish eye
Thou lur'dst with pictures of the snowy sail
Swelling in beauty, of the foreign port
Replete with wealth, and of the glowing scene
Of glad return. How hast thou kept thy pledge,
Devouring main?

Oh! break thy sullen pause,
And tell us how he died.

The storm was high,
And, wrapp'd in midnight, mid the slippery shroud
He miss'd his footing. Loose he swang and wide
Over the boiling surge, a single rope
Grasping convulsively, and on the blast
Pouring wild cries for help.

The strain'd ship lurch'd,
And from the billows rose a voice of prayer
Unto redeeming love. A rope was cast,

Yet he beheld it not; a life-boat lower'd,
But the shrill echo of his comrades' shout
Sank 'neath the tumult of the thunder-blast,
And cold death-silence settled where he strove
Briefly, with panting breast.

Relentless Sea!

Doth it not grieve thee, that a broken heart
Sinks heavy in a mother's breast for this?
Or that a pale-brow'd maiden counts the hours,
By sound of dropping tears?

But there shall come

A blast of trumpet, and thy startled depths
All the reft spoil of earth shall render back,
Atom by atom.

Then mayst thou arise

In glorious beauty, Sailor-Boy! and meet
That Saviour's smile, whose name was on thy lip
When broke the last wave o'er thee.

Mayst thou hear

His blessed welcome to a peaceful home
Where there is no more sea.

HAROLD AND TOSTI.

Tosti, a son of Earl Godwin, joined Hardrada, king of Norway, in an invasion of England, his native land, and fought against his brother Harold, the last of the Saxon monarchs, at the battle of Stamford-Bridge, September 25th, 1066.

ON England's shore, the pirate king
Of Norway's frigid clime,
From thrice a hundred beaked ships,
Debark'd his men of crime ;
While at his side the outlaw son
Of proud Earl Godwin came,
And many a child in terror shrank
At dreaded Tosti's name.

King Harold led a dauntless host,
For every loyalthane,
Arousing at his country's call,
Convoked a vassal-train ;
And while green Autumn robed the vales,
And corn was waving high,
Those vengeful armies frowning met,
Where Derwent murmur'd by.

But England's power, in mass compact,
Was ranged o'er hill and dale,
Solemn, and motionless, and dark,
A mountain clothed in mail.
Then Harold paused a moment's space,
Ere shafts in blood were dyed,
And of Earl Edwin ask'd, who rode
In armour by his side,—

“Who wears yon scarf of azure dye,
And helm of burnish'd gold?”
“Hardrada, prince of Norway's realm,
A warrior fierce and bold.”
“And who is he, with towering head,
Majestic, firm, and cool,
Who casts around such eagle-glance,
As he the world would rule?”

“The rebel of Earl Godwin's line ;”
Yet spared the words to speak,
Thy brother, for he saw the blood
Forsake his sovereign's cheek ;
And though he rein'd his prancing steed,
His brow was pale as clay,
That brow which ne'er had blanch'd before
In battle's deadliest fray.

Fraternal memories o'er his heart
Like softening waters flow'd,—
The mother's kiss, the mother's prayer,
Alike on both bestow'd.
Then parted from his armed ranks
A knight of noble mien,
And waved a snowy flag of truce
Those frowning hosts between.

“To Tosti, great Earl Godwin's son,
King Harold bids me say,
Why standst thou on thy native soil
Amid its foes this day?
I yield thee all Northumbria's realm,
The choicest of my land;
Lay down thine arms, disperse thy host,
And clasp a brother's hand.”

But Tosti turned to Norway's king:
“Behold my friend,” said he;
“What is thy monarch's boon for him,
If such his gifts to me?”
“Thus Harold answereth Norway's lord,
Troubler of earth and wave;
Just seven good feet of English soil
I yield thee for a grave.”

Then Tosti shouted, loud and wild,
He smote his buckler proud,
And spears and lances flash'd amain,
Like lightning from the cloud;
And England's mail-clad cavalry
Rush'd on, with direst shock,
As strikes old Ocean's stormy surge
Against the fissured rock.

Then calmly from the English lines
Rode forth a mitred thane,
Wulstan,* the bishop, wise and old,
Of Worcester's sacred fane ;
Though scarce the impetuous tide of war
Held back its panting wave,
While thus that white-hair'd man of peace
His sovereign's message gave :

“ Oh, Tosti ! by the memory dear
Of boyhood's early trace,
When thou wert victor at the ring,
And foremost in the chase,

* Wulstan, the venerable Bishop of Worcester, had previously accompanied King Harold into Northumberland, where a violent insurrection was quelled, without an appeal to the sword, by the influence of his eloquence and piety. He was one of the most revered of the prelates, whom the early Saxon chroniclers were accustomed to designate as *mass-thanes*, to distinguish them from the barons, or *world-thanes*.

And by our parent's blessed love,
That still its vigil kept,
When, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart,
On the same couch we slept ;

“E'en by the mercies of our Lord,
Who for our sins did die,
Spare the dire waste of blood, and take
A brother's clemency.”
“Speed back, speed back, thou Saxon kern !
And, if thy steed be slow,
The swift-wing'd darts of glorious strife
May chance to lay thee low.”

And with the rebel's echoed ire,
A tide of crimson rolls,
With clang of shield and cloven helm,
And cry of parting souls.
Nor stay'd that deadly passion-strife,
Till o'er the ensanguined plain
The flying Northmen wail'd their kind,
With haughty Tosti slain.

Yet Harold, mid that triumph hour,
His tent in sadness sought,

And deem'd the victory all too dear
A brother's blood had bought :
While, on that field, the bleaching bones
For many a year did tell,
Where Peace the angel strove in vain
The demon War to quell.

DREAMS.

REVERE the mind, so full of mystery,
E'en in its passive hours. Behold it roam,
With unseal'd eye and wide unfolded wing,
While the tired body sleeps. Immortal guest!
Our earthly nature bows itself to thee,
Pressing its ear of flesh unto the sigh
Of thy perturbed visions, if perchance
It hear some murmur of thy birth divine,
Thy deathless heritage.

Ah! dreams are dear
To those whom waking life hath surfeited
With dull monotony. When the long day
Wends to its close, and stealthy evening steals,
Like some lean miser, greedily to clutch
Hope's wreath that morning gave, is it not sweet
To close our eyelids, and to find the rose
That hides no thorn, the gold that knows no rust,
Scatter'd where'er we tread? Is it not sweet
To 'scape from stern reality, and glide

Where'er wild fancy marks her fairy way
Unlimited? If adverse fortune make
Our pillow stony, like the patriarch's bed
At lonely Bethel, do not pitying dreams
Plant a bright ladder for the angels' feet,
And change our hard couch to the gate of heaven,
And feed our souls on manna, till they loathe
Their household bread?

To traverse all unblamed
Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby;
To hear unearthly music; to inhale
Ambrosial fragrance from the spicy groves
That never fade; to see the tyrant tomb
Unlock its treasure-valve, and freely yield
The loved, the lost, back to our glad embrace;
To catch clear glimpses of the streets of gold,
And harpers harping mid the eternal hills,
These are the pastimes which the mind doth take
While its poor clay companion slumbers deep,
Weary and worn.

If thou in wintry climes
Shouldst exiled roam, thy very heart's blood chill'd,
Lay but thy cold hand on a winged dream,
And it shall bear thee straight with bounding pulse
To drink the sunbeams of thine own blue skies,
Where the young cottage children freely fill

Their pinafores with flowers. Should ocean swell,
Or the eternal mountains stretch their bars
'Tween thee and thy loved home, how strangely sweet
To touch the talisman of dreams, and sit
Again on thine own sofa, hand in hand
With the most loved, thy children near thy side
At their untiring play, the shaded lamp
Shedding its quiet beam, while now and then
The clock upon the mantelpiece doth speak,
To register the diamond sands of time,
Made brighter by thy joys. So mayst thou hold
Existence in two hemispheres, and be
Happy in both; yea, in each separate zone
Have thine own castles, and revisit them
Whene'er it pleaseth thee.

But more than this:

If thou wilt seek the fellowship of dreams,
And fearless yield thee to their loving sway,
And make them friends, they'll swiftly bear thee up
From star to star, and let thee hear the rush
Of angel-wings, upon God's errands speeding;
And, while they make some silver cloud thy car,
Will whispering tell thee that the unslumbering soul
Wears immortality upon its crest,
And, by its very power to soar with them,
Proves that it cannot die.

THE CLOCK AT VERSAILLES.

In the palace of Versailles, a clock, during the whole life of the reigning monarch, pointed with its motionless hands to the hour when his predecessor died, and was only to be again moved at the moment of his own death.

WHERE the halls with splendour glow,
Where the gorgeous fountains throw
 Fullest flood,
There a chronicler of time,
Wrapp'd in mystery sublime,
 Mutely stood.

Like the finger on the wall
That Belshazzar's festival
 Dash'd with dread,
Stern it bore the doom of fate,
While the crowd with joy elate
 Check'd their tread.

Fix'd as adamantine chain,
Wilt thou never move again?

Then methought an inward strain
Murmur'd low,
“Blind with pomp or folly’s chase
Call the king ! . He can trace
The true answer in my face,
He doth know.

“When he struggleth long and sore,
When he links to earth no more
Hate or love,
When his eye hath lost its light,
When his hands grow stiff and white,
Mine shall move.

“When his crown availeth not,
And the death-hues blear and blot
Brow and cheek,
When his tongue no more can frame
Vaunt of power or moan of shame,
Mine shall speak.

“I shall speak—I shall move,
While his fickle courtiers rove
Far away ;
With my doom of fate and fear

For the new-made monarch's ear
I shall stay."

Slow the murmur in the breast
Died away, and there at rest,
Still and stern,
Stood that monitor sublime,
Teaching truths that power and prime
Shrink to learn.

HEAVEN'S LESSON.

HEAVEN teacheth thee to mourn, O friend beloved;
Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,
The first beginners in its school, may learn
How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf,
Thrill'd by the breeze, the humblest grass-bird's nest,
Murmur of gladness; and the wondering babe,
Borne by its nurse out in the open fields,
Knoweth that lesson. The wild mountain-stream
That throws by fits its gushing music forth,
The careless sparrow, happy though the frosts
Nip his light foot, have learn'd the simple lore
How to rejoice. Mild Nature teacheth it
To all her innocent works.

But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This higher lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
O sweet disciple, bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,

Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,
A will subdued. And may such wisdom spring
From these rough rudiments, that thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and, advancing, soar
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.
Yea, be a docile scholar, and so rise
Where mourning hath no place.

THE PRINCE OF EDOM.

1 Kings xi. 21.

THE warriors of David came down in their ire,
And Edom was scathed with their deluge of fire ;
O'er the wrecks of its throne roll'd oblivion's dark flood,
And the thirst of its valleys was satiate with blood.

Its prince, a lone outcast, an orphan distrest,
In the palace of Egypt found refuge and rest,
And the queen's gentle sister, with eye like the dove,
Became in her beauty the bride of his love.

Yet still, a dark shade o'er his features would stray,
Though the lute-strings thrill'd soft and the banquet was gay ;
For the land of his fathers in secret he pined,
And murmur'd his grief to the waves and the wind.

“The voice of my country ! it haunteth my dreams,
I start from my sleep at the rush of its streams ;
Oh, monarch of Egypt ! sole friend in my wo,
I would see it once more. Let me go ! let me go !”

“Wouldst thou hie to the desert, and couch with the bear?
Or the lion disturb in his desolate lair?
Wouldst thou camp on the ruins with brambles o’ergrown,
While the blasts in their mockery respond to thy moan?

“Know’st thou not that the sword of stern Joab was red
Till the dukes of Idumea were slaughter’d and dead?
Know’st thou not that his vengeance relax’d not, nor stay’d
Till six moons wax’d and waned o’er the carnage he
made?”

“I know that our roof-trees in ashes were laid,
And the vine and the olive hew’d down from each glade;
Yet still some pale sprouts from their roots may be seen,
And the clefts of the rock with their foliage be green.

“I know that our virgins, so stately and fair,
Who wreathed with the pearl and the topaz their hair,
That our merchants, whose wealth with a monarch’s has vied
In Phœnicia and Zidon in bondage abide.

“But roused by my trumpet, the captives shall haste
From the far, foreign realms, where their life-blood they
waste;
From the walls of Azotus with speed they shall fly,
And nest, like the bird, ’neath their own native sky.”

“O prince of red Edom, content thee, be still;
Of the treasures of Egypt partake at thy will;
See, thy wife lights thy bower with the wealth of her charms,
And thy babe, as she names thee, leaps high in her arms.

“Thou know’st from thy realm all the people have fled,
That the friends of thy childhood are cold with the dead;
Every drop of thy blood from that region is reft,
No voice of thy kindred to welcome thee left.”

“Let me go, king of Egypt, to visit my slain,
To weep o’er their dust, who revive not again;
Though nought in their courts save the lizard should glide,
And the bat flap his wing in their chambers of pride,

“Yet still shall Mount Seir in his grandeur remain,
Still the rivers roll on to the fathomless main,
If no tone of the living should solace my wo,
To the land of my birth, let me go, let me go.”

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

HE languish'd by the way-side, and fell down
Before the noon-day. In his hand were flowers
Pledged to his lady-love. Like her heart's joys,
They died with him.

There was a widow'd form
To whom the echo of his entering step
Had been as music. All alone she sits,
Tearful and pale. The world henceforth to her
Is desolate and void.

Young Love may weep,
But sunbeams dry its tears; and the quick pulse
Of hope in Beauty's bosom doth o'ercome
The syncope of grief. But unto Age
Thus utterly bereaved, what now remains,
Save, with bow'd head and finger on its lip,
In solemn meekness and in sanctity,
The Heavenly Pilot ever in its view,
To pass the narrow strait that coldly bars
Time from eternity?

THE WISH OF THE WEARY WOMAN.

A FORM there was, still spared by time
Till the slow century fill'd its prime;
Stretch'd on its bed, with half-closed eye
It mark'd uncertain shades flit by;
Nor scarce the varied world of sound
To the seal'd ear admittance found;
While the worn brow, in wrinkles dark,
Seem'd like the gnarl'd oak's roughen'd bark.

Oh ! e'er did youthful beauty deck
Those wither'd limbs, yon living wreck ?
Did blushes o'er that leathern cheek
The warmth of wild emotion speak ?
Did rosy health that lip bedew,
And kneeling love for favour sue ?
Alas ! alas ! for him who bears
A hundred years earth's load of cares.

'Twere vain to ask, what legends old
That brain might in its chambers hold;
What pictures in its gallery fade,
By Fancy touch'd or Hope portray'd;
For Memory locks the cloister'd cell,
And Silence guards the citadel;
But still that weary woman's eye
Doth gaze and fix on vacancy.

Yet the faint lungs spontaneous play,
The heart's pulsations hold their way,
And helpless to the garden borne,
Or laid beside the blossom'd thorn,
What time the vernal noontide hour
Gave deeper life to shrub and flower,
Methought a quickening influence stole
O'er stagnant veins, and frigid soul.

A knell burst forth! From turret high
Its mournful cadence floated by;
E'en on that rigid ear it broke,
And, strange to say, the tear awoke.
Then lo! a hoarse, sepulchral tone,
As when imprison'd waters moan,
Moved the parch'd lips to utterance free,
"Ah! when will that bell toll for me?"

“All, all are gone ! the husband dear,
The loving child, the friend sincere.
Once toward their graves with grief I prest,
But now I bless their dreamless rest ;
For lone, amid a stranger-band,
Sad relic of the past I stand ;
Dead at the root, a blasted tree ;
Ah ! when will that bell toll for me ?

‘Hath Death forgotten ? To his halls
Childhood and youthful prime he calls ;
In bowers of love, or domes of pride,
He finds them, wheresoe’er they hide :
Fain would they ’scape, but to his sight
I hasten, and his shaft invite.
Hath God forgot ? I bend the knee,
Oh, let that knell be toll’d for me !”

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

KNOW'ST thou the Leader of that band who toil
The everlasting gospel's light to shed
On earth's benighted climes ?

Canst tell the name
Of the first Teacher in whose steps went forth,
O'er sultry India, and the sea-green isles,
And to the forest children of the West,
A self-denying band, who counted not
Life dear unto them, so they might fulfil
Their ministry, and save the heathen soul ?

Judea's mountains from their breezy heights
Reply, "We heard him when he lifted up
His voice, and taught the people patiently
Line upon line, for they were slow of heart."
From its dark depths the Galilean lake
Told hoarsely to the storm-cloud, how he dealt
Bread to the famish'd throng with tender care,
Forgetting not the body, while he fed

The immortal spirit; how he stood and heal'd
Day after day, till evening shadows fell
Around the pale and paralytic train,
Lame, halt, and blind, and lunatic, who sought
His pitying touch.

Mount Olivet in sighs
Spake mournfully, "His midnight prayer was mine;
I heard it, I alone, as all night long
Upward it rose, with tears for those who paid
His love with hatred."

Kedron's slender rill
That bathed his feet, as to his lowly work
Of mercy he went forth, still kept his name
Securely hoarded in its secret fount,
A precious pearl-drop!

Sad Gethsemane
Had memories that it falter'd to repeat,
Such as the strengthening angel mark'd appall'd,
Finding no dialect in which to bear
Their wo to heaven.

E'en Calvary, who best
Might, if it would, our earnest question solve,
Press'd close its flinty lip, and shuddering bow'd
In silent dread, remembering how the sun
Grew dark at noonday, and the sheeted dead

Came from their mouldering sepulchres, to walk
Among the living.

But the bold bad host,
Spirits of evil, from the lake of pain,
Who held brief triumph round the mystic cross,
Bare truthful witness, as they shrieking fled,
“We know thee who thou art, the Christ of God:”
While heaven, uplifting its eternal gates,
With chant of cherubim and seraphim,
Welcomed the Lord of glory entering in,
His mission done.

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

COME, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock;
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thought to guide?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fix'd attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove ;
Come, press your velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love ;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng ;
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustom'd strain ;
Come, warble loud and clear ;
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good-night—go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed ;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife ;
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write ?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?
Dear, smitten flock, good-night !

“SORROW AS ON THE SEA.”

Jeremiah.

“Sorrow as on the sea.”

O man of grief,
Prophet! who in the troublous time of siege
And famine, when the fierce Chaldean bands
Invaded Israel, didst predict her fate
And feel her vengeance, didst thou ever taste
The sorrow of the sea? Strength reft away,
The spirit melted, hope in darkness lost,
And that eternal loathing, day by day,
Born of those cruel tossings that forbid
The tortured nerve upon its rack to rest,—
For these, thy plaintive harp. that sang so well
Of prison woes, must strike another string

Thunder upon the main!

Ho, mariner,
For whom the landsman in his happy home
Hath little feeling, mount the shrouds, go up

Into the inky blackness, dare the shaft
Of heaven's red lightning on the pointed mast,
Speck as thou art, which neither sea nor sky
Own, or remember, mid their maniac strife.
The good ship breasts the surge, intent to bide
The battle bravely. Yet, like hunted deer,
It croucheth in the hollow of the sea,
Until the full-mouthed billows drive it forth
Reeling and scathed. Anon, the madden'd winds
Pour out fresh forces, and with riven crest
It rusheth desperate o'er the terraced wave,
Vex'd by their dread artillery: O hearts
Of human mould! that, soften'd by the love
Of home and kindred, have endured the scourge
Of Ocean's tempests, or upon the wreck,
Week after week, held with untold despair
Gaunt fellowship, ye might a tale unfold
To daunt the dream, and turn the revel pale.

Sorrow as on the sea!

A woman mourns,
Pale as the little marble form she folds
Close in her arms, resisting all who touch
The darling of her bosom.

“'Twill awake;
It hath but fainted. The wild, rocking sea

Hath made it sick. I tell ye 'twill revive.
Child! baby! look on me! 'Twill smile again."
"Yes, mother, yes! but not below the skies."
Spasm and convulsion seize her at the thought
That the dear idol, whom but yesterday
She cradled from the zephyr's roughen'd breath,
Alone must to the unfathom'd depths go down,
And for its little body find a bed
Amid the scaly monsters of the deep.
Yet so it is. And she must wend her way
O'er the stern waves that made her desolate,
To her far home again, having let fall
Her soul's chief jewel in the trackless deep.

Sorrow as on the sea!

Ye know it not
Who feel a firm foundation 'neath your feet,
And sleep, unvex'd by waves. Death comes indeed,
But smites you in the sacred place of graves,
Where ye may lay your dead with solemn knell
And tender sympathies of funeral train,
And duly visit them, and dress their couch
With blessed flowers, type of their rising day.
Yea, from the gray-hair'd sexton on his spade,
Bespeak your own turf-pillow where to lie,
And rest beside them, when in God's good time

The pale death-angel comes to summon thee.
True, there is grief on earth. But when ye drain
Its cup of bitterness, give thanks to God
If, in your pilgrimage, ye ne'er have known
The sorrow of the sea.

MUTATIONS.

As waves the grass upon the fields to-day,
That soon the wasting scythe shall sweep away;
As smiles the floweret in the morning dew,
That eve's chill blast in blighted death may strew,
Thus in brief glory spring the sons of clay,
Thus bloom awhile, then wither and decay.

I saw an infant in its robe of white,
The admiring mother's ever dear delight;
It clapp'd its hands when tones of mirth went by,
And nature's gladness glisten'd in its eye.
Again I came—an empty crib was there,
A narrow coffin, and a funeral prayer.

I saw a boy in healthful vigour bold,
Nor summer's heat he fear'd, nor winter's cold;
With dexterous foot he dared the frozen pool,
His laugh rang loudest mid his mates at school.
Again I came—his name alone was found
On one low stone that crowns yon swelling mound.

I saw a gentle maid with beauty bless'd,
In youth resplendent, and by love caress'd;
Her clustering hair in sunny ringlets glow'd,
Her red lips moved, and thrilling music flow'd.
Again I came—her parents' halls were lone,
And o'er her turf-bed rose the weeper's moan.

Oh boasted joys of earth! how swift ye fly,
Rent from the heart or hidden from the eye;
So through the web the weaver's shuttle glides,
So speeds the vessel o'er the billowy tides,
So cleaves the bird the liquid fields of light,
And leaves no furrow of its trackless flight.

Dust tends to dust, with ashes ashes blend;
Yet when the grave engulfs the buried friend,
A few brief sighs may mark its yawning brink,
A few salt tears the broken clods may drink,
A few sad hearts with bursting anguish bleed,
And pay that tribute which they soon must need.

They soon must need! But life's returning cares
Sweep off the precious fruit that sorrow bears;
The mourner drops his sable, and aspires
To light anew ambition's smother'd fires,





A gentle maid with beauteous face
 In youth resplendent and by love caressed



Bathe his worn brow with labour's wasting dew,
And, sleepless, toil for heirs he knows not who.

Thus He who marks us in our vain career,
In wisdom darkens what we hold most dear;
Shreds from our vine the bowering leaves away,
And breaks its tendrils from their grovelling stay,
That the rich clusters, lifted to the sky,
May surer ripen for a world on high.

OUR COUNTRY.

LAND of broad rivers and of ocean-lakes,
Sky-kissing cliffs and prairies prank'd with flowers,
That, seated on thy mountain-throne, dost hear
The Atlantic and Pacific's mighty surge
Battling against thy coast, and throw to each
Thy snow-white sails, that visit every clime
And kindred under heaven,—fair land! free land!
How glorious art thou.

Mid thy cultured vales
The sturdy reapers sing, garnering the corn
That feedeth other realms besides their own.
—Toil lifts his brawny arm, and takes the wealth
That makes his children princes; Learning wins
By studious lamp the better gold, that dreads
Nor rust nor robber's wile; Art deftly brings
Tissue and tincture and the fretted stone;
Strange steeds of iron, with their ceaseless freight,
Tramp night and day; while the red lightning bears
Thy slightest whisper on its wondrous wing.

—Proudly thou spread'st thine eagle-pinion o'er
The exiled, and the crush'd from every clime,
Giving them welcome. May no vulture beak
Transpierce thee for thine hospitality,
But sons of strangers build thy walls, and call
Thy gates salvation.

'Neath thy lofty dome
'Tis good to linger, where, in conclave high,
Convene the chosen from thy many States,
Sages, and men of eloquence, who stretch
Their line of travel through an empire's length
To pour their wisdom at thy shrine, and make
Thy union perfect. From the wind-swept hills,
To where the rich magnolia drinks the breath
Of fervid suns—from the great, beating heart
Of the young, giant West, to where the East,
Wrinkled with thought, doth nurse a nation's mind,
They come to do thee honour. There, to list
The grave debate, or catch the kindling thrill
With which impassion'd eloquence maintains
Thine equal laws, inspires the ardent prayer
Of patriot love, that God would hold thee safe,
And firmly knit thy children's hearts, to share
One home, one destiny.

A mighty wind
Doth shake the palaces of ancient time,

And voices mid the despot thrones are heard,
Crying, as in Jerusalem of old,
“Let us depart!” But thou, my blessed land,
Like some fair hearth which hovering angels guard,
Gather thine offspring round thee, and make bright
Their hallow’d chain of love. Warn them to bear
Each other’s burdens, seek the common good,
Be pitiful to error, and repress
Each ruder breath that stirs to wrathful deeds.

Oh, beautiful and glorious! thou dost wrap
The robes of Liberty around thy breast,
And as a matron watch thy little ones
Who from their cradle seek the village school,
Bearing the baptism on their infant brow
Of Christian faith and knowledge, like the bud
That, at the bursting of its sheath, doth feel
Pure dews, and heavenward turn.

There is thy strength,
In thy young children, and in those who lead
Their souls to righteousness. The mother’s prayer
With her sweet lisper, ere it sinks to rest—
The faithful teacher mid a plastic group—
The classic halls—the hamlet’s slender spire
From whence, as from the solemn gothic pile
That crowns the city’s pomp, ascendeth sweet

Jehovah's praise—these are thy strength, my land!
These are thy hope.

Oh! lonely ark, that rid'st
A tossing deluge, dark with history's wrecks,
And paved with dead who made not Heaven their help,
God keep thee perfect in thy many parts,
Bound in one living whole.

REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT MANSION.

WHERE art thou, old friend ?

When last

This familiar haunt I past,
Thou didst seem in vigorous cheer,
As like to stand as any here,
With roof-tree firm, and comely face
Well preserved in attic grace,
On columns fair thine arches resting,
Among thy trees the spring-birds nesting ;
Hast thou vanished ? Can it be
I no more shall gaze on thee ?

Casements whence the taper's ray
Glitter'd o'er the crowded way,
Where, embalm'd in fragrant dew,
Peer'd the snowy lilac through ;
Chimneys whence the volumed smoke
Of thy warm heart freely spoke ;

Fallen and gone ! No vestige left,
Stone from stone asunder reft,
While a chasm, with rugged face,
Yawns and darkens in thy place.

Threshold ! which I oft have prest,
More a habitant than guest,
For their blessed sakes who shed
Oil of gladness on my head,
Brows with hoary wisdom drest,
Saints who now in glory rest,
Fain had I, though tear-drops fell,
Said to thee one kind farewell ;
Fain with tender, grateful sigh,
Thank'd thee for the days gone by.

Hearth-stone ! where the ample fire
Quell'd old Winter's fiercest ire,
While its blaze reflected clear
On the friends who gather'd near,
On the pictures quaint and old,
Thou of quiet pleasures told ;
Knitting-bag, and storied page,
Precepts grave from lips of age,
Made the lengthen'd evening fleet
Lightly, with improvement sweet.

Fallen dome ! beloved so well,
Thou couldst many a legend tell
Of the chiefs, of ancient fame,
Who to share thy shelter came.
Rochambeau and La Fayette
Round thy plenteous board have met,
With Columbia's mightier son,
Great and glorious Washington.
Here with kindred minds they plann'd
Rescue for an infant land,
While the British lion's roar
Echoed round the leaguered shore.

He, who now where cypress weeps,
On Mount Vernon's bosom sleeps,
Once in council grave and high
Shared thy hospitality,
When the sound of treason drear,
Arnold's treason, met his ear.
Heart that ne'er in danger quail'd,
Lips that ne'er had faltered paled,
As the Judas' image stole,
Shuddering, o'er his stainless soul,
And he sped, like tempest's shock,
On to West Point's perill'd rock.

Beauty here, with budding pride,
Blossom'd into youth, and died;
Manhood tower'd with ruling mind,
Age in reverent arms declined,
Bridals bright and burials dread.
From thy gates their trains have sped;
But thy lease of time is run,
Closed thy date, thy history done.

All are vanish'd, all have fled,
Save the memories of the dead;
These with added strength adhere
To the hearts that year by year
Feebler beat, and fainter glow,
Till they rest in turf below;
Till their place on earth shall be
Blotted out, old dome, like thee.

Other fanes, 'neath favouring skies,
(Blessings on them!) here may rise;
Other groups, by hope be led,
(Blessings on them!) here to tread;
Yet of thee, their children fair
Nothing wot, and nothing care.
So a form, that soon must be
Number'd with the past like thee,

Rests with pilgrim-staff awhile,
On thy wreck, deserted pile,
And the dust that once was thine
Garners for affection's shrine.

THE LOST LILY.

FAIN would I tell a tale of Wyoming
In days long past. There was a rural home,
Lonely, yet pleasant, near whose door a brook,
Where water-cresses grew, went singing by.
In its small garden, many a cultured bush
Of ripening berries mingled here and there
With spicy herbs, sage and the bee-loved thyme,
While through thick boughs the blushing apple peer'd,
Betokening thrift and comfort.

Once, as closed
The autumn-day, the mother by her side
Held her young children, with her storied lore.
Fast by her chair, a bold and bright-eyed boy
Stood statue-like, while closer, at her feet,
Sate his two gentle sisters. One, a girl
Of some seven summers, youngest, and most loved
For her prolonged and feeble infancy.
She lean'd upon her mother's lap, and look'd
Into her face with an intense regard,

And the quick, intermitting sob that shows
The listening spirit.

Pale she was, and fair,
And so exceeding fragile, that the name
Given by her wilder playmates, at their sports,
Of "Lily of the Vale," seem'd well bestow'd.
The mother told them of her native clime,
Her own, beloved New-England; of the school,
Where many children o'er their lessons bent,
Each mindful of the rules, to read, or spell,
Or ply the needle at the appointed hour;
And how they serious sate, with folded hands,
When the good mistress through her spectacles
Explain'd the Bible.

Of the church she spake,
With snowy spire, by elms o'er-canopied;
And how the sweet bell, on the Sabbath morn,
Summon'd from every home the people forth,
All neatly clad, and with a reverent air,
Children by parents led, to worship God.
Absorb'd in such recital, ever mix'd
By that maternal lip with precepts pure
Of love to God and man, they scarcely mark'd
A darkening shadow o'er the casement steal,
Until the savage footstep and the flash
Of tomahawk appall'd them.

Swift as thought
They fled, through dell and thicket, closely track'd
By grim pursuers. The frail mother, tax'd
With the loved burden of her youngest born,
Moved slowest, and they cleft her fiercely down;
Yet with that impulse which doth sometimes move
The sternest purpose of the red man's breast
To a capricious mercy, spared the child.
Her little struggling limbs, her streaming eyes
Averted from the captors, her shrill cry
Stealing in fitful echoes from afar,
Deepen'd the mother's death-pang.

Eve drew on,
And from his toil the husband and the sire
Turn'd wearied home. With wondering thought he mark'd
No little feet came forth to welcome him;
No Lily of the Vale, who first of all
Was wont to espy him.

Through the house he rush'd
Empty and desolate, and down the wild.
There lay his wife, all weltering in her blood,
Upon the trampled grass. In vain he bore
The form of marble to its couch, and strove
Once more to vivify that spark of life
Which ruthless rage had quench'd.

On that dread hour

Of utter desolation, broke a cry,
"Oh, father! father!" and around his neck
Two weeping children wound their trembling arms,
Saved mid the thicket's tangled depths, to share
The burden of his wo.

With tireless zeal,
That sad dismember'd household sought the child
Reft from their arms, and oft with shuddering thought
Revolved the horrors that must mark her lot,
If life were hers. And when the father lay
In his last, mortal sickness, he enjoin'd
His children never to remit their search
For the lost Lily.

Years roll'd on their course ;
The boy became a man, and o'er his brow
Stole the white, sprinkled hairs. Around his hearth
Were children's children, and one pensive friend,
His melancholy sister, night and day
Mourning the lost. At length, a rumour came
Of a white woman found in Indian tents,
Far, far away. A father's dying words
Came o'er the husbandman, and up he rose,
And took his sad-eyed sister by the hand,
Blessing his household, as he bade farewell,
For their uncertain pilgrimage.

They prest

O'er cloud-capp'd mounts, through forests dense with shade,
O'er bridgeless rivers, swoln to torrents hoarse,
O'er prairies like the never-ending sea,
Following the chart that had been dimly traced
By stranger-guide.

At length they reach'd a lodge
Deep in the wilderness, beside whose door
A wrinkled woman with the Saxon brow
Sate coarsely mantled in her blanket-robe,
The Indian pipe between her shrivell'd lips.
Yet in her blue eye dwelt a gleam of thought,
A hidden memory, whose electric force
Thrill'd to the fount of being, and reveal'd
The kindred drops that had so long wrought out
A separate channel.

With affection's haste
The sister clasp'd her neck. "Oh lost and found!
Lily! dear sister! praise to God above!"
Then in wild sobs her trembling voice was lost.
The brother drew her to his side, and bent
A long and tender gaze into the depths
Of her clear eye. That glance unseal'd the scroll
Of many years. Yet no responding tear
Moisten'd her cheek, nor did she stretch her arms
To answer their embrace.

"Oh, Lily! love!

For whom this heart so many years hath kept
Its dearest place," the sister's voice resumed,
"Hast thou forgot the home, the grassy bank
Where we have play'd? The blessed mother's voice
Bidding us love each other? and the prayer
With which our father at the evening hour
Commended us to God?"

Slowly she spake:

"I do remember, dimly, as a dream,
A brook, a garden, and two children fair,
A loving mother with a bird-like voice,
Teaching us goodness; then a trace of blood,
A groan of death, a lonely captive's pain;
But all are past away.

Here is my home,
These are my daughters.

If ye ask for him,
The eagle-eyed and lion-hearted chief,
My fearless husband, who the battle led,
There is his grave."

"Go back, and dwell with us,
Back to thy people, to thy father's God,"
The brother said. "I have a happy home,
A loving wife and children. Thou shalt be
Welcome to all. And these, thy daughters too,
The dark-eyed and the raven-hair'd, shall be

Unto me as mine own. My heart doth yearn
O'er thee, our hapless mother's dearest one.
Let my sweet home be thine."

A trembling nerve
Thrill'd all unwonted at her bosom's core,
And her lip blanch'd. But the two daughters gazed
Reproachfully upon her, to their cheek
Rushing the proud Miami chieftain's blood,
In haughty silence. So, she wept no tears;
The moveless spirit of the race she loved
Had come upon her, and her features show'd
Slight touch of sympathy.

"Upon my head
Rest sixty winters. Scarcely seven were past
Among the pale-faced people. Hate they not
The red man in their heart? Smooth Christian words
They speak, but from their touch we fade away
As from the poisonous snake.

Have I not said
Here is my home? and yonder is the bed
Of the Miami chief? Two sons who bore
His brow, rest on his pillow.

Shall I turn
My back upon my dead, and bear the curse
Of the great Spirit?"

Through their feathery plumes,

Her dark-eyed daughters mute approval gave
To these stern words.

Yet still, with faithful zeal,
The brother and the sister waited long
In patient hope. If on her brow they traced
Aught like relenting, fondly they implored,
“Oh Lily! go with us!” and every tale
That pour’d o’er childhood’s days a flood of light
Had the same whisper’d burden.

• Oft they walk’d
Beside her, when the twilight’s tender hour,
Or the young moonlight, blendeth kindred hearts
So perfectly together. But in vain;
For with the stony eye of prejudice,
Which gathereth coldness from an angel’s smile.
She look’d upon their love.

And so they left
Their pagan sister in her Indian home,
And to their native vale of Wyoming
Turn’d mournful back. There, often steep’d in tears,
At morn or evening, rose the earnest prayer,
That God would keep in their lost Lily’s soul
The seed her mother sow’d, and by His grace
So water it that they might meet in heaven.

TWILIGHT.

THERE is a dimness, like a doubt,
That wrappeth earth and sky,
When Day hath in its glory died,
And ere the Night comes forth with pride
Of sable majesty.

'Tis like the soft delay of Youth,
Where Love hath built its throne ;
A coy reluctance, ere it rest
Entirely on another's breast,
To be no more its own.

It is the gentle pause of Heaven,
E'en as a mother mild,
Before some new bequest is lent,
Inquireth how the last was spent
Of her forgetful child.

Then Conscience, like that fearful cry
Mid Eden's deep repose,

“Where is thy brother?” turns its ray
Upon the annal of the Day,
That to its funeral goes.

Perchance, the queenly Moon descends,
And lo! the haughty Sea
On her pale face doth fix his eye,
And bids his mightiest tides comply,
And own her regency.

Yet Twilight gray to me is dear,
More than the blushing Day,
Or noontide’s plenitude of light,
Or sober certainty of Night,
Or Moon with silver ray.

For then, at scepter’d Memory’s call,
Long buried years awake,
And tread in charméd circles back,
With music, o’er their flowery track,
Their ancient seats to take.

And parted friends, of whom we say,
In beds of clay they rest,
Bend meekly down from glory’s sphere,
And with their angel smile, or tear,
Allure us to the blest.

THE UNRIFLED CABINET.

"Then shall we no more look into our cabinet, and miss its treasures."—

BAXTER.

WHEN shall that time be? When?

So many buds

We shelter'd in the garden of our heart,
Yet ere their young sheaths open'd to the sun,
They curl'd their leaves and died, we shrink to fill
Their vacant places, lest the same sharp grief
And trouble come upon us. Life doth seem,
With all its banners of felicity,
Like the fair alcove of the bard, and seat
Illusory, on which we find no rest.*

In the mind's store-house, gold we had, and gems
Gather'd from many a tome. The key we gave
To Memory, and she hath betray'd her trust.

* The author of the Night Thoughts had in his garden an alcove, with the representation of a seat so well painted as to deceive most observers. Near it was the inscription,

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."

The things unseen do not deceive us.

For when we ask of her, she saith that years
And sleepless cares disturb'd her, till she lost
Our stewardship of thought. When shall it be
That we may hoard for intellect, nor find
The work-day World, or stealthy Time, a thief?

Leases of tenements amid the sands
And on the cloud, papers and bonds we had,
In Earth's handwriting, well endorsed and seal'd
By smooth-tongued Hope.

They're lost! The lock is forced!
The casket rifled! All our treasures gone!
And only a brown cobweb in their place,
Spun by some mocking spider.

Still, ye say
We may obtain a cabinet, whose hoard
Robber, nor faithless friend, nor rust of years,
Shall e'er invade.

When shall that time be? When?

When Heaven's pure gate unfoldeth, and thy soul
Glides like a sunbeam through.

Then shall it be.

TALK WITH TIME AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

TIME, old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,
Come, sit by my hearth, ere the embers fail,
And hang the scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale 'neath this wintry sky
Of the deeds thou hast done as its months swept by.

“I have cradled the babe in the churchyard wide;
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;
I have cloven a path through the Ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk to return no more;
I have humbled the strong with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old with his staff to rest.

“I have loosen'd the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;
I have startled the maid in her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown;
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scatter'd the hoard of the miser's gold.”

“Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone
On the riven heart and the burial-stone?”

“No, Love’s young chain I have twined with flowers,
Have awaken’d a song in the rose-crown’d bowers;
Proud trophies have rear’d to the sons of fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame.

“Look to yon child, it hath learn’d of me
The word that it lisps at the mother’s knee;
Look to the sage, who from me hath caught
Intenser fire for his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint, who hath nearer trod
Toward the angel hosts near the Throne of God.

“I have planted seeds in the soul, that bear
The fruits of heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright
As the diamond drop in the realms of light:
Question thy heart, hath it e’er confest
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest?”

But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray,
And he seized his hour-glass, and strode away;
Yet his hand at parting I fear’d to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with Eternity.

MAN'S THREE GUESTS.

A KNOCKING at the castle-gate
When the bloom was on the tree,
And the youthful master, all elate,
Himself came forth to see.
A jocund lady waited there,
Gay was her robe, of colours rare,
Her tresses bright to the zephyr stream'd,
And her car on its silver axle gleam'd,
Like the gorgeous barge of that queen of yore,
Whose silken sail and flashing oar
Sparkling Cydnus proudly bore.
The youth, enraptured at her smile,
And won by her enchanting wile
And flatteries vain,
Welcomed her in, with all her train,
Placing her in the chiefest seat,
While as a vassal at her feet
He knelt, and paid her homage sweet.

She deck'd his halls with garlands gay,
Bidding the sprightly viol play,
Till by her magic power
Day turn'd to night, and night to day,
For every fleeting hour
Bow'd to Pleasure as its queen;
And so, that siren guest, of mirthful mien,
Linger'd till the vernal ray
And summer's latest rose had sigh'd itself away.

A knocking at the gate!
And the lordling of the hall,
A strong and bearded man withal,
Held parley at the threshold-stone
In the pomp of his estate.
And then the warder's horn was blown,
The ponderous bolts drawn one by one,
And slowly in, with sandals torn,
Came a pilgrim, travel-worn.
A burden at his back he bare,
And coldly said, "My name is Care!"
Plodding and weary years he brought,
And a pillow worn with ceaseless thought;
And bade his votary ask of Fame,
Or Wealth, or wild Ambition's claim,
Payment for the toil he taught.

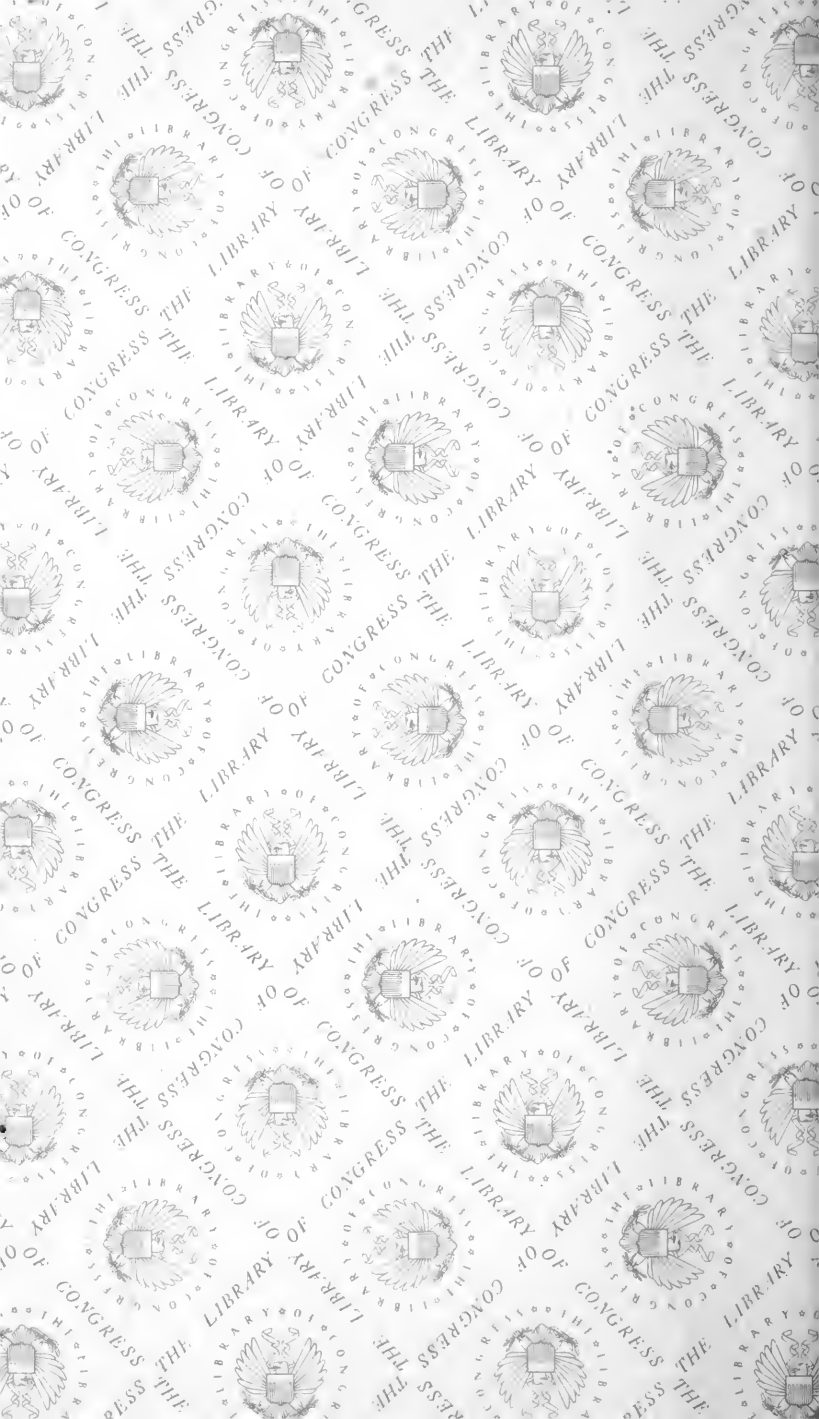
But dark with dregs was the cup he quaff'd,
And mid his harvest proud
The mocking tare looked up and laugh'd
Till his haughty heart was bow'd,
And wrinkles on his forehead hung, and o'er his path a cloud.

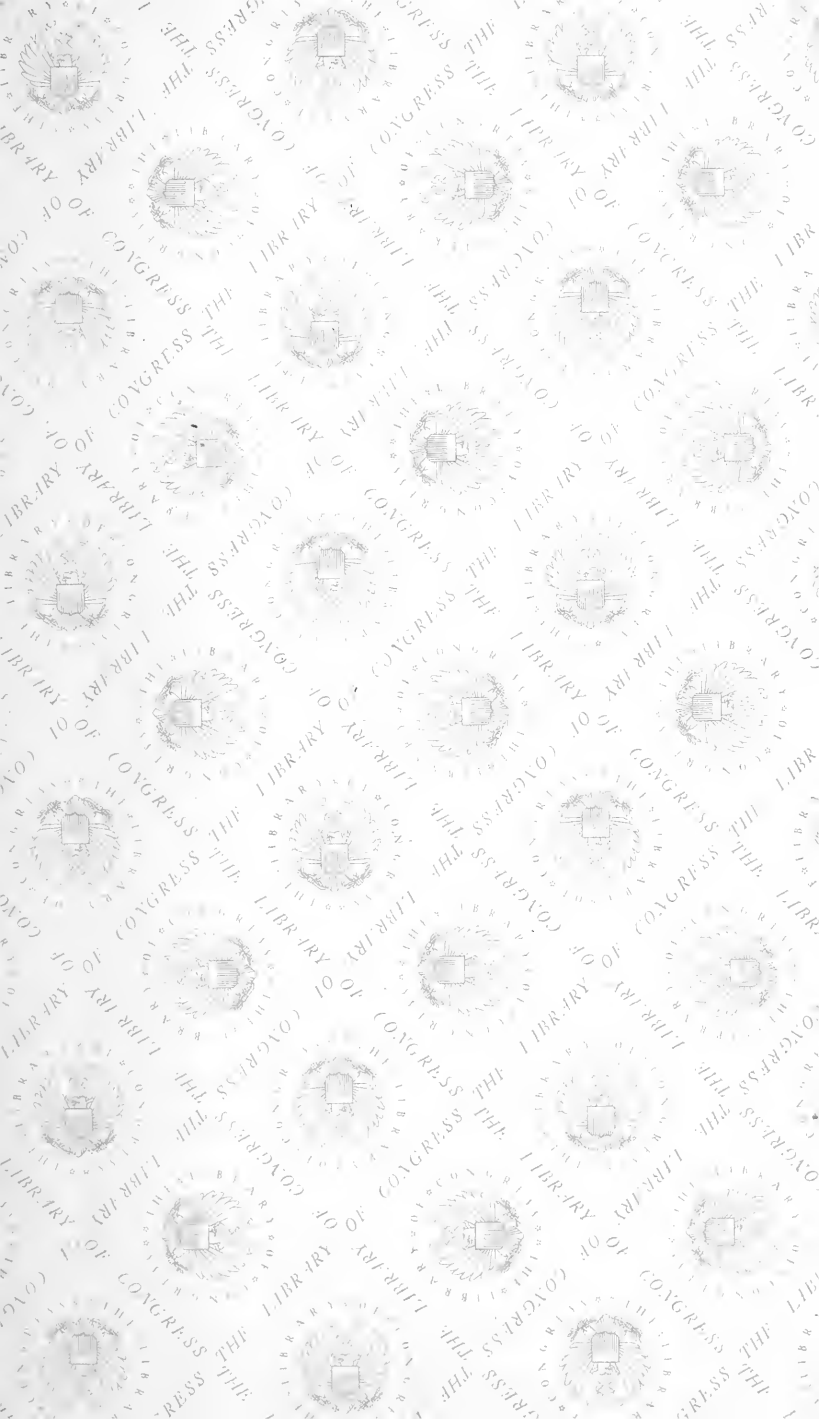
Again, a knocking at the gate
At the wintry eventide,
And querulous was the voice that cried,
"Who cometh here so late?"
"Ho! rouse the sentinel from his sleep,
Strict guard at every loop-hole keep!"
And "man the towers!" he would have said,
But alas! his early friends were dead,
And his eagle glance was awed,
And a frost that never thaw'd
Had settled on his head.
But that thundering at the gate
From morn till midnight late,
Knew no rest,
And a boding tone of fate,
Like an owlet's cry of hate,
Chill'd his breast.
Yet he raised the palsied hand,
And, eager, gave command
To repel the threatening guest.

So the Esculapian band,
In their armour old and tried,
Were summon'd to his side,
And the watchful nurses came,
Whose lamp, like vestal flame,
Never died.

But the tottering bulwarks their trust betray'd,
And the old man groan'd as a breach was made;
Then through the chasm a skeleton foot
Forced its way,
And a fleshless hand to a shaft was put,
And he was clay.







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